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LOVE'S SECRET.

BY W. M. B.

Had she not taught me with those lovely eyes,
That mocked the first gray blushings of the morn
Orbed with paling stars, whose waking skies
Scattered the moon-mist from a world new-born.

Had she not taught me, I had never learned
The secret powers that in my being moved.
O rare sweet eyes! brighter than stars they burned!
Had she not taught me, I had never loved!

Was She Avenged?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S POWER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

ONE of the servants probably overheard the whole or a part of the interview between the rector and his son, for, before noon, the tidings that "Master Adrian" had broken off his engagement with Miss Vida Lawson, and engaged himself to Miss Harden, became fully known.

Nobody fully believed it at first, but, in the afternoon, it was known that Miss Harden had left the rectory, where she could not decently stay under the circumstances, they said, and gone to some relation in town; and then nobody doubted.

"All that I have to say is, that it's a burning shame!" said Townley, the yeoman, "and Master Adrian ain't the man I took him to be. Why it's acting like a woman; getting engaged, and breaking it off without reason or sense."

"And that's your opinion of us, is it?" said Mrs. Townley; "it would have been a good job if I had broken off my engagement with you."

"Well, dame, I didn't mean nothing personal to you," said the old man; "but it is a burning shame, isn't it?"

"It is, surely," said Mrs. Townley.

In the cottages, where Vida was a great favorite, some of the expressions of anger took a coarser form, and there were women who went so far as to express a desire to give Adrian a sousing with soapsuds; and they would have done it, when they had the chance, if he had not been the rector's son! And the laboring men expressed their feelings by saying, "I'd like to see 'im in a ditch, and there I'd let 'im lie."

The indignation, in fact, was general, and it was just as well that Nicola Harden beat an early retreat, or she might have heard some things not usually uttered by tongues polite to ears refined.

She left the rectory without seeing the rector, but wrote a note thanking him for his kindness, and trusting that he would think more kindly of her by-and-by, and accept her as a daughter.

"Adrian has told me what passed between you," she wrote; "but I cannot give him up—for his own sake, if not for mine. Can I help him loving me so dearly?"

But the rector's heart was hardened against her, and to keep impressing upon himself that he was a clergyman, to prevent the utterance of bitter, angry words, and to hide the depth of his sorrow, he shut himself in his room.

Adrian did not leave the vicinity of his home that day, but, after Nicola was gone, skulked about the house and grounds, with the clouds of dishonor gathering thick about him, and making his life gloomy and bitter. He had formed no plans for himself just yet, for the rector had not absolutely dismissed him from the shelter of his roof, and in his then unsettled frame of mind could form none. All his thoughts were jumbled together, a confused mass of contending ideas and half-formed projects.

He had promised to go near Vida early in the morning, and he had not gone. Nor dare he go and talk to her what he, in his vanity, believed would be her death-warrant. He never thought she could possibly show her sense of separation from him in any other way than by inconsolable grief.

He was sorry for her, of course, and half his sorrow was shame. He felt that his father was right, and he was a dastard; but he tried to console himself with the ideas that he was the victim of circumstances, and, being put into an unfortunate position, had done his best for all concerned.

In the evening early, about six o'clock, he was in a sheltered part of the rectory garden, offering himself such sweet consolation as he could, when he heard a light, quick step coming towards him. He knew it and would have fled, but had not the power to move. In a few minutes Vida stood before him.

He expected to see her in tears, or, it might be, in a towering rage, for he had evidence on the previous day that she was not without spirit; but she was in neither condition. To his utter amazement she was quite calm.

"Adrian," she said, "we have been expecting you at the 'Nest' all day. Why have you not come?"

He stood looking down for the moment, unable to utter a word.

"Have you forgotten your promise?" continued Vida. "You were to be with us very early."

"Yes, I know," he said, uneasily; "but something happened to prevent me. Nicola—Miss Harden—you know—"

"Left to day; I have heard so much. Why did she go?"

"It was her own desire. Under the circumstances she could do nothing else."

"What circumstances?"

He was sure now that she already knew or guessed the truth, and had come to the rectory with the express purpose of making him confess his own dishonor. He set himself to fight against her, but on the shifting ground of falsehood, when he had taken up, he was no match for her on the rock of right and truth.

"I ask you—why did Miss Harden leave? She came here to stay for a month or more, and she leaves in eight days! Why should she go so abruptly?"

"There is a cause, I admit," he said, looking away from her; "but I would rather not tell you now—I will write."

"I would rather hear it from your lips," she said, firmly; "why waste time, and good ink and paper upon so trivial a thing?"

He was looking at her now in surprise. Was this the gentle, child-like Vida, whom he used to twist and turn so easily, into whose eyes he could bring tears with a frown, and by a kind word wreathe her lips in smiles? But he knew so little of the wrong, and could not understand how soon a wrong will turn a pliable girl into a determined woman.

"It is not so trivial a thing, perhaps," said Adrian, "I—I am engaged to Nicola—Miss Harden."

"Is that all?" replied Vida, with voice and face unmoved.

"All!" he stammered—fairly staggered by her demeanor. "Is it enough?"

"For you and her, perhaps," Vida replied; "but of no great moment to anyone else. Why could you not write to us this morning, and let me into this important secret, so that we need not have wasted this day, waiting for a gentleman who is too much engaged to keep appointments?"

"Vida," he said, stung to the quick by her contempt, and loving her all the more now that he saw she scorned him; "do not think harshly of me."

"I shall not think of you at all," she said.

"You do not know how—how I suffered, or of the circumstances that privately led me to change my mind."

"Nor do I wish to know them," she replied; "the recital would give you some trouble, and probably tax your ingenuity, but would be of no interest to me. All I wanted to learn from your lips you have told me, and there is no need to prolong this interview."

She turned from him with a step as firm as when she came, and with the easy grace which he had so often admired, and never more than now, passed from his sight. Then he sat down upon a rustic seat, and burying his face in his hands, gave vent to a bitter moan.

"I have been a mad fool," he muttered, "and shall have to pay a bitter penalty for it."

And Vida, what of her? She walked home with unfaltering step, pausing on the way now and then to speak to some curly-headed villager of tender years, but the men and women she avoided. She was afraid that their rugged sympathy, kindly enough meant, would jar upon a tender chord too rudely.

But when she reached home, she stole unobserved to her own room, and locking the door, threw herself down upon her couch, and gave vent to a paroxysm of tears. It lasted but a few minutes, and then she lay thinking, until her mother knocked at the door. She rose up and let her in.

"Tears for him, Vida?" said Mrs. Lawson.

"How could I stop them?" Vida asked. "But do not fear, dear mother; he is no more to me now than if he never had been. I am amazed at myself for having loved one who was but a churl."

"Are you sure you loved him? said Mrs. Lawson.

"I cannot tell you now," Vida answered, reflectively; "but ask me a month hence, and I shall be able to tell you more."

* * * * * *

A week later the Swallow's Nest was announced to be let or sold, for, to the great grief of all, Mrs. Lawson and Vida were going away. "For a year, at least," Mrs. Lawson said; but they were really going away for away.

The rector felt their going more than all, but he fully concurred in the step that had been taken. How could they remain when every man, woman and child, knew of the wrong committed, and would, with her in view, be for ever whispering the story, not in malice but in pity—and what is so hard to bear as the pity of all around you?

"I shall be desolate when you are gone," said the rector to Mrs. Lawson; "but I should be unutterably miserable if you remained, living witnesses of the dishonor of my name."

Adrian left before them, carrying away with him a pitiable load of shame. The last interview between him and Vida had done much to awaken him to a proper consciousness of his baseness, arising mainly from weakness, but baseness nevertheless; and he dare not run the risk of meeting her again.

Nor dare he face his father with anything like the same dear freedom. The tie, once apparently so strong, had been broken, and a wide black gulf opened between them, so he skulked about for a few days, and stole away early one morning, leaving a short note, to say that when he was married he hoped he would be received at home again. The rector shed tears as he read it, but not so many fell from his eyes as on the day when Mrs. Lawson and Vida left.

Adrian's destination was London, where Nicola Harden was staying with a friend, one Mr. Crewson, a widow lady of much vivacity and considerable experience of the sinful side of the world. Her house was in Bloomsbury, on the western side of that district, and where there is considerable pretension to aristocratic society still.

In the possession of worldly goods Mrs. Crewson was to be envied, for the late Mr. Crewson had been a mighty speculator, and in the height of his prosperity settled a large sum upon her. It is true that he afterwards went bankrupt for two millions; but that did not affect the settlements he had made, and having paid threepence in the pound, he lived some years in the retirement of Bloomsbury, surrounded by a society that forgot and forgave everything where good dinners were given, until a king of terrors made his inevitable call.

Mrs. Crewson put on expensive mourning for the dear departed, and abstained from dinner parties for six months; then she returned to the world, a somewhat florid but decidedly attractive widow of thirty-five, amply provided for. Lovers soon appeared on the scene, but they met with no encouragement that would warrant a proposal, and at the time Nicola Harden was staying with her she had been a widow for three years.

"And mean to remain so," she often said; "poor Crewson was not a bad husband, but he was a man with a man's crotchets, and catch me if you can making myself a slave to another."

She was not averse to flirtation, and her great idea of happiness was perfect liberty. She rejoiced in her widowhood because it gave her a freedom no unmarried woman under sixty can with safety enjoy; and if there were whispers about her which one would rather not hear of hear of woman, society conventionally shut its ears and she laughed at them.

This worldly woman had been Nicola's chief mentor, and they were very great friends. The widow's house in Bloomsbury was always open to such a friend, and thither Nicola flew when it became imperative for her to leave the rectory.

Mrs. Crewson received her with open arms, but wondered, until she heard a version of the engagement between Nicola and Adrian. Some of the original facts were suppressed, and new ones added, so that it made a very pretty and somewhat romantic story.

"But I always said you would marry suddenly in the end," said Mrs. Crewson. "What will Captain Dalton say?"

Nicola's face flushed, as she replied, that "Captain Dalton could say what he pleased." The widow made a mental note upon it.

The Captain Dalton was a man of unquestionably good family and very questionable repute. He was originally an officer in the dragoons, but, after running through a small fortune, he felt it incumbent upon him to retire. Since then he had moved in such circles as Mrs. Crewson did, really a penniless man, but living on—eating, drinking and dressing well, nobody knew how.

He had been one of Nicola's lovers, and got an unwelcome one, for he had good looks and pleasant ways to back him up; but prudence told her it would not do. He a penniless man, and she almost a penniless woman, ought never to think of

making a match of it; so she plainly told him when in a tender moment, he spoke of his love.

Still they remained good friends, and he was at Mrs. Crewson's house the day after Nicola's arrival. Somehow, he had already heard of her engagement, and congratulated her upon it with a few well-chosen words.

"I was not aware that it had reached so far," said Nicola.

"Oh! I have a little bird that whispers to me," he replied; "especially what concerns you."

"If I could get hold of that little bird, I——"

"Would wring its neck."

"No, that is not exactly what I was going to say; but never mind, Adrian Wayerham will be here in a few days, and I must introduce you—I want you to be friends."

"Happy, I'm sure," drawled Captain Dalton; "always glad to make agreeable acquaintances."

When Adrian arrived and was introduced to that military gentleman, the pleasure did not appear to be mutual. There was too much freedom in Captain Dalton's address when speaking to Nicola, and although he usually called her "Miss Harden," he occasionally let slip a "Nicola," and met with no reproof. Mrs. Crewson always called him George, and Nicola, when referring to him to her friend in his absence, always spoke of him in the same familiar manner.

Adrian took an opportunity to remonstrate with her upon the subject. He was not jealous, so he said, but he did not like it. Nicola rallied him good humoredly upon the subject.

"He is an old friend of Mrs. Crewson's," she said, "and is every woman's lover and no woman's sweetheart. He is a sort of drawing-room poodle, and how can you, so immeasurably his superior, trouble your mind about him?"

"Being immeasurably his superior," Adrian said no more, but he kept a wary eye on the "drawing-room poodle," and mentally resolved that, when he had a home of his own, Captain Dalton should not be in the list of the guests.

Meanwhile he was very much at Mrs. Crewson's, always when Adrian was there, and sometimes when he was not. When they went to a theatre he was Mrs. Crewson's escort, but he had always a great deal to say to Nicola, and being a practised society chatterer, could make himself amusing. He treated Adrian in an off hand, good humored fashion that was particularly exasperating, and none the less so because he really gave no handle to take offence.

The day of the wedding was soon named, and the preparations were hurried forward. Mrs. Crewson decided upon the wedding breakfast being at her house, and when Adrian quietly offered her a cheque for the expenses she took it with a promptitude bordering on avidity.

Adrian afterwards remembered that lit tle display without any of the wonderment he felt at the time.

"She is reputed to be rich," he thought; "but, after all, she may be poor."

In due time the day arrived, and the "happy pair" were made man and wife. The guests invited were numerous and cosmopolitan, and for the most part strangers to Adrian. Foreign nobles, with titles that nobody ever could remember, and were probably only half remembered by themselves, were to the fore, and half-pay captains, burly in dress and talk, strongly represented. The bridegroom had no time to study them, or he would have discovered many uncongenial spirits eating and drinking at his expense.

Captain Dalton, much against Adrian's will, was there, and took quite a leading part at the table. To many it may have appeared that he was giver of the feast, and the deference shown to him by the needy captains and half-pay nobles was very marked.

It was he who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, and of both he spoke in the warmest terms. One would have thought that he had been a brother to Nicola and the guide and mentor of Adrian through life. Adrian replied with the constraint of a man who is obliged to be especially polite to a foe he is thirsting to strangle.

At length the mockery was over, and the bride and bridegroom, with rice in their hair and about their attire, and two old slippers on the top of the carriage, were being whirled to the South Eastern Station, their destination being Paris. Neither appeared to be in the best of spirits, and Adrian was inclined to be sulky.

A husband should never remonstrate with his wife during the honeymoon, especially at the beginning of it. The proof of authority should be kept concealed until the real temper of the wife had been ascertained. Adrian fell into the error of remonstrating with Nicola ere they had left Mrs. Crewson's door a hundred yards behind them.

"I should have thought, in deference to my expressed wish, Captain Dalton would not have been invited to the breakfast, and it was a downright insult to me to put him in the position he occupied."

"Mrs. Crewson gave the breakfast," said Nicola, coldly.

"But I paid for it."

"I thank you for reminding me of it. I have a balance at my banker's and the money shall be repaid."

"Don't talk so absurdly, Nicola. You know I dislike this Dalton fellow."

"Yes, most unaccountably, I think."

"Well, we will have no more of him," he said, with an attempt to speak lightly; "we have now done with him for good and all."

"He will, of course, call upon us when we return," replied Nicola.

"Then I shall expect him to be refused," returned Adrian, hotly.

"You may expect it," answered Nicola, calmly unbuttoning her glove; "but I shall not be rude to anyone to gratify even your whim. You have been shut up all your life in the country, and are to be pardoned for your haste; but I beg of you to be more a man of the world."

"I say he shall not come to my house."

"And I say he shall. It is the mistress of the house who is the best judge of the guests who ought to be received. I have known Captain Dalton for years, and he is an intimate friend of my best friend, therefore I could not behave like a bear to him."

"Do you mean to say that I am a bear?" demanded Adrian, with a flushed face.

"You will become one if you do not more strenuously cultivate the suaviter in modo," she replied, calmly; "but here we are at the station, and let me beg of you not to let the coachman see that we have begun to quarrel already."

He made no answer, but with knitted brows, descended from the carriage and handed her out.

Then he gave the coachman and footman the usual fee, as he would have thrown a bone to a dog, and followed into the station. So at the very start the ill-matched pair had struck a false note, which was but a prelude to all their life being jangled and out of tune.

CHAPTER VI.

To those who are fond of the sea, and desire quietude during nine months of the year, there is no better place than Lognor. It is to be found on the southern coast, between fifty and sixty miles west of Brighton, and although it lacks charms for the more vigorous pleasure seekers, it is peculiarly pleasing to the lovers of a fresh sea breeze and modestly pretty scenery. Inland a few miles there are some charming spots to be found, affording rare opportunities for picnics and unlimited flirtation.

Having but a short season, the inhabitants make a lot of hay during the brief sunshine. Their charges are naturally exorbitant, but when the season is over they fall in proportion, and those with a very limited purse may live decently and keep clear of debt. To the few who reside there all the year round, Lognor is especially cheap.

Mrs. Lawson knew the place, and decided to spend the autumn and winter there with Vida. The society would be good, and, doubtless, of a soothing nature, being mostly clerical. The Bishop of Chichester has been known to take a change of air at Lognor, and the canons and minor canons went there as a matter of course. To add to its charms there were no excursionists, for Lognor could only be reached by a strip of single line, originally villainously laid down, and any attempt to get more than the ordinary trains over it might have been attended with fatal consequences.

The officials of Lognor were also not adopted for the disturbing influences of increased traffic. A demand upon their energies would have been like drawing a cheque upon a bank that has failed. They had all been tried at other stations and found lamentably wanting, and were sent to the little sea side place because it was impossible for them to have an accident with the light trains that run to and fro half a dozen times a day, unless they deliberately put dynamite into the engine boiler, or upset the train, by acting like Stephenson's cow and getting upon the line.

So, altogther, Lognor was a very delightful place of retirement, and, to Vida, it was just what she wanted. They arrived there on Thursday, and before Saturday everybody who was anybody had called upon them.

I may as well mention here that the military element was not wanting at Lognor, but it was that portion of it that had married and successfully carried out the object of the union of the sexes in the procreation of children. Stern colonels, heavy majors and sober captains, with their wives and families, assembled there, and gave just as much rakishness to the place as Lognor was able to bear.

Among the callers upon the Lawsons was the Reverend Cecil Crawshaw, a minor canon, with a fair future. He accepted office, and did his work well because he liked it; and being still in the twenties, good-looking and genial, he was much in request. He had rowed in the Oxford eight, and distinguished himself in athletics generally, but at the time we write of, he only indulged in cricket, and as a provincial, but was a man of some renown.

"I like Mr. Crawshaw," was Vida's remark to Mrs. Lawson, when the minor canon had taken his cheery self away.

"He is not so clerical as some men we know," replied Mrs. Lawson, dubiously. Her idea of a clergyman was founded upon the rector of Pangley.

"But none the worse for that," said Vida, warmly. "Why should it be necessary for a clergyman to go about with so much ostensible meekness? There is no reason for their abandoning their manhood."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Lawson, quietly. "And pray understand me; I do not dislike Mr. Crawshaw."

The object of these comments on leaving the apartments occupied by Mrs. Lawson was more thoughtful than usual. Perhaps he was not what is really considered a thoughtful man; at all events, he was not in a general way absent minded, on this occasion he, on his way to the Parade, passed three different acquaintances without returning their salute.

Now the pride and glory of Lognor is its Parade, and next to it stands the pier. Both may be rather primitive engineering works, the pier apparently being erected more for ornament than use, and the Parade limited in length and width, but Lognor is proud of them, and while scorning to advertise their allurements to the world by means of rabidly colored posters loses no opportunity to speak of their beauty.

Naturally therefore everybody goes to the Parade and pier in the afternoon, the more cautiously disposed keeping to the former as being the least likely to slide away into the briny deep, and thither Cecil Crawshaw by sheer instinct bent his steps.

He was speedily recalled to himself by tripping over the wheel of a perambulator, and butting his head violently against the waistcoat of a gentleman who happened to have his head turned away in the direction of a very pretty girl who was passing.

"A thousand apologies," said Cecil, hurriedly. "I—I—this perambulator—I hope I've not hurt this child—will you—?"

"Of course I will, Crawshaw," said the other. "I will pardon anything but the feet of your not recognizing me."

"Tom Mowbray!" exclaimed Cecil. "Why, when did you arrive?"

"Came down an hour ago—for a change."

"You will find it a change to your way of living; we are very quiet here."

"My dear fellow, it is quietude I want. I've been galloping half over the world since I parted with you at Oxford on that memorable morning—"

"When we quarreled about the pretty girl at the glove shop," said Cecil, smiling. "But never mind her; she has forgotten us both long ago."

"I don't know," said Tom Mowbray, who, sunburnt, hearty and strong, was a young Goliath every inch of him: "of course she may have forgotten you."

"Well, say that she has forgotten me," returned the minor canon, smiling. "I am content."

"Having found another to fill her place. Are you married?"

"Well—no—not—exactly."

"Engaged?"

"Not decidedly. No—not engaged—nor have I proposed. I am as I was—free, you know."

"This hesitation and stammering," said Tom Mowbray, with much gravity, "does not become honest Cecil Crawshaw. Shall we stroll on? And you may ease your mind by telling me all about her."

"I have really nothing to tell," returned Cecil. "Well—that is, she—or, I ought to say, that until to-day it never entered my head that I was likely to be married."

"At the 'Varsity you talked about it."

"I mean, since I left the dear old shop and settled down."

"Well? Then, to day, you have met your fate. Who is she?"

"It is absurd for me to even speak of her," said Cecil, relapsing into gravity; "for I only saw her half an hour ago, for the first time. But she really is a very striking girl; beautiful, with something more than mere beauty can give."

"Intellect?" Tom suggested.

"No—soul! That is what she has.

"And her name?"

"Vida Lawson."

"Phew!" whistled Tom, looking at Cecil, in comical dismay.

"Do you know her?" asked Cecil.

"Never saw her in all my life," Tom answered; "but I have heard of her."

"And by your manner I should say you have not heard anything good."

"It was mere chatter, and not among a very good set; but I can give it to you for what it is worth."

"I will hear it," Cecil said; "but I have formed my opinion, and it will take something to shake it."

"Quite right, dear boy. Then we will call my communication a love-test, a probe to see how deep your sudden passion lies. Passing through town the other day, I met Jarham, of Trinity—you remember him? Mad Jarham he was called."

"Perfectly: one of those men who are called fools to themselves, and yet succeed in making incalculable mischief among others."

"And go on their way smiling. I met him in Bond Street, and not having exchanged a word with anyone I knew for twenty-hours, I was glad of his company. He has not improved, but rather gone from bad to worse.

"There is something wrong in a turf matter with him, and he is out of the best sets."

"So I imagined; for I was induced by him to go and visit a lady friend of his, a Mrs. Crewson, who, he said, would make a traveling lion of me. She was very civil, and asked me to stay. Half the people I sat down with I am sure were in queer street, but she didn't know it, I fancy."

"Charitable of you to think so."

"Not at all. Mrs. Crewson is not of the creme, you know, and may be a bit of a schemer; but she has money, and does not ask you to her house to sharp you at cards, although some of her guests would like to do it. I saw a young fellow named Waverham there and his fiancee—a case of a gull and the hawk."

"Which was the gull?"

"Oh! the male bird; and I really wondered at his being fascinated by such a meretricious beauty as Miss Harden, until I learnt from Jarham that he was a jilted man, and was going to marry in sheer desperation."

"The story goes, that Miss Lawson jilted him," said Cecil, slowly.

"Just so."

"Then I don't belive it. The tittle tattle is either utterly false, or treats matters upside down. I could not believe ill of the girl I saw this afternoon."

"Let us sit down and calmly hear this out," said Tom Mowbray, dropping into one of the Parade seats. "Now, do you mean to tell me that a few minutes' interview with a pretty girl is sufficient for you to form a decided opinion?"

"In this case it is."

"By Jove! how she must have made eyes at you."

"You mistake Miss Lawson entirely," said the minor canon, warmly; "the tricks of a flirt are odious to her. She is——"

"All that a woman should be," said Tom Mowbray; "but still it is marvellous how you could have discovered so much in so short a time. I shall certainly endeavor to make this paragon's acquaintance."

"And when you have done so, Tom, you will endorse all I have said."

"Perhaps so; but there are eyes and eyes, you know. Fortunately, we do not all see alike. Tastes must differ, or what would become of most of the women? I must confess to being a sort of general lover—admiring all, and worshipping none. Do you smoke?"

"Yes—in moderation; but I hear you are a terrible fellow for the weed."

"It has been the companion of my wanderings," said Tom, producing his cigar case; "try one of these. I bought them of a Turkish dealer so cheap that I believe the rascals stole them. But they are none the worse for that."

"If you really wish to know Miss Lawson," said Cecil as he lighted a cigar, "I dare I shall have an opportunity to intro-

duce you. In this little place friends and acquaintances meet a dozen times a day."

"Thank you, old fellow," replied Tom, "I will gratify you by early seeking to make the acquaintance of this most wonderful of women; and mind this—if she is half what you declare her to be, I shall do my best to secure her young and undeveloped affections. It is time I married."

"I wish you would not talk so absurdly," said Cecil, rather testily; "Miss Lawson is—a—I don't think at all inclined to marry one who—but there Tom, we will drop the subject."

"And time, too," replied Tom, gravely; "when we begin to stutter and stammer like a schoolboy—without taking into consideration the ingenuous blushes that adorn our cheeks. Shall we stroll on?"

"With pleasure," Cecil said; and rising, they pursued their way down the Parade, now getting deserted by the advocates of four o'clock tea.

CHAPTER VII.

IT WAS yet early in autumn, when one morning there alighted from a South Eastern train, at the London terminus, a young couple fresh from their honeymoon. Amid the galeties of Paris they had spent the accustomed period of felicity, with scarce a ray of real joy to illuminate the gloom of that most unhappy time.

Adrian had been completely disillusioned immediately after his marriage. The note of discord struck on the way to the station had been constantly repeated, growing louder and louder until the horrible truth could not be denied. Instead of being married to a warm-hearted, loving girl, who loved him more than all else on earth, as he believed, he discovered that he had espoused a scheming woman, cold and calculating, and without one particle of honest affection for him.

Whatever doubts he might have had were dissipated by her ere they had been married three days. He ventured to remind her of certain hours they had spent at the rectory together, and the contrast they afforded to the present time.

"Quite true," she said, "there is a vast difference; but I had to win you from that woman. I married you because I hated her."

"What injury had Vida done you?" he asked, astounded.

"None," Nicola answered; "our natures were antagonistic—that was all. We could not meet without hating each other.

"There is a difference between you," he groaned. "What a fool I must have been to cast away the substance for the shadow."

"Thank your vanity for it," she said.

"At any rate," he said, spitefully, "we are both in the same boat. You will be as miserable as I am."

"Perhaps"—she said this disdainfully; "but I daresay I shall find means to ameliorate my condition."

"Will you!" he muttered between his teeth; "not at my expense. No high jinks shall be played with my money, my lady."

Weak in many respects, he could be resolute when aroused; and by dint of brooding on his wrongs, he succeeded in hardening his heart to a resolution he made. He would have no establishment—no home—and Nicola should feel the sting of his anger that way. As she had plotted against his happiness he would plot against hers, and bitterly avenge the injury she had done him.

The idea was a mean one; but Adrian could be mean, and remorseless too, when under the influence of anger. Brief passion had given way to hatred; and the woman who should have been a helpmeet, a companion, and a support, had fallen back into the position of a foe.

If he hated her, she despised him; and with such feelings in their hearts, anything like peace and happiness between them was impossible. People have married without love and learnt to love each other afterwards, but the experiment is a risky one.- In the case of Adrian and Nicola no love could grow. Roses would as soon bloom in a desert.

Man and wife, yet wide apart as hatred could make them, they alighted at the railway terminus, and Adrian went to look after the luggage. In a few minutes he returned to say that all was ready.

"We must put up with a four-wheeled cab to-day," he said, "but the hotel is not far away."

"You might have ordered a carriage at the livery stables," she curtly answered.

"I might have done a great many things, no doubt, but carriages from livery stables cost money."

"And Mrs. Crewson was good enough to invite us to spend a few days with her while we looked about for a house."

"I am not going to Mrs. Crewson's, and I do not think I shall look for a house just yet."

"Are you going to live at an hotel?" she asked.

"For a week or so," he replied.

"Then I hope you will put up at the Langham or the Grosvenor."

"Indeed, I shall not. Butler's Family Hotel is highly respectable, and I am going there."

"But I will not," said Nicola, angrily.

"You are at liberty to do as you please," Adrian calmly replied; "go and stay with Mrs. Crewson, or take apartments for yourself. Anything in reason I shall be happy to agree to."

"You will not lure me into that trap," said Nicola, as she took her seat in the unwholesome looking growler; "I am not going to be separated from you to have lying spies day and night upon my track. You will have to wait a little while for a divorce."

"You give me credit for scheming power I do not possess," he returned; "the hope of a divorce has not hitherto dawned upon me."

Nicola smiled grimly, and in silence they rode to Butler's Family Hotel, a second-rate establishment in a bye street near Westbourne Terrace. Nicola's eyes flashed with fury as she saw the dingy windows with faded curtains, and the slovenly waiter hanging about the door; but she said nothing. Adrian had never seen the place before, having selected it haphazard from a list on an advertising board at the station, but he was glad to find that it more than answered his expectations. To a woman of Nicola's aspirations no place could be more distasteful.

"You have chosen well," she said, when they were seated in a small private sitting-room, commanding a view of an unwholesome back yard, and filled with the now unsavory odor of many departed dinners. "May I ask what is the object of our coming here?"

"It was your wish to return to London," he replied.

"But this is not my London. What do you think you will gain by playing such pranks as these upon me? Don't drive me to open warfare."

"I will drive you to something before I have finished," he said, with sudden firmness.

"A manly threat," she answered, with a sneer.

"Manly or not, it will be carried out. We stay here for a week ——"

"I will not stay here for a week."

"I will stay for a week then, and at the end of that time we will go to the seaside."

"It will be a good time for Scarborough," Nicola said, softening a little at the prospect of going to the sea.

"Scarborough is too far away," he said.

"The season at Brighton will soon begin, and Brighton is always gay."

"Brighton will be too expensive. If you leave it to me I will decide where to go. There are many inexpensive retired places that will suit us."

"You shall not drag me where you wish," she cried, passionately; "am I your slave, that you should say come here and go there to me?"

"I shall not drag you anywhere," he said; "I shall simply go, and you can accompany me or stay behind, as you please—I am going out for half an hour, shall I order dinner?"

She did not answer him, and he rose to leave. As he drew near the door she suddenly rose from her seat, and swiftly glided to his side.

"You may go too far," she said, in a tone of concentrated passion.

"I have gone too far already," he replied. "I did that when I married you—I was a boy then, and now I am a man."

"Say a brute," she rejoined. "I have yielded an inch and you are seeking to take an ell. Don't make me desperate."

"And if I do?" he queried.

"You may rue the day," she said, and returned to her seat.

He answered her with a mocking laugh, and left the room, but he was not so easy in his mind as he appeared to be. The real struggle had only just begun, and he might expect all the tactics of woman's warfare to ensure his defeat. But his mind was embittered, his heart hardened, and he was as reckless as a thoroughly miserable man can be.

"Dark crimes ere now have risen out of such a union as ours," he muttered, as he strode up the street; "and, as I live, but for the penalty of the law I could kill her. Oh! Vida, Vida, if you have hungered for vengeance, you may now be satisfied."

He had no real object in leaving the hotel, except to get away from his wife, and for two hours he strolled here and there in a purposeless manner, up one street and down another, until he found himself by Westbourne Terrace. Here he came face to face with the man he hated more than any other in the world—Captain Dalton.

"Ah! Waverham, back again?" he said, holding out his hand with a genial smile. "You are looking well. Mrs. Waverham is with you, of course?"

"She came back with me," replied Adrian, taking the proferred hand after a moment's hesitation "We only arrived this morning."

"Well, I must look you up. Where are you hanging out?"

"At Butler's hotel, a quiet place. We shall be there for a few days only, and then we shall winter somewhere south, by the seaside."

"Love courts retirement," said Dalton, with an impudent smile; "somewhere in the south does not refer to Brighton?"

"No," said Adrian, "I want something more retired. Do you know of a place?"

"Of several. But do you want absolute retirement?"

"Yes."

"Then go to Lognor. I was there once for a day, and only saw two people, the man who had charge of the pier was sound asleep, and a fellow who looked like the ghost of a fishmonger, and asked me if I wanted any shrimps. Spectral shrimps, I presume. What they call their season is on now, and that is quiet enough, I'll promise you. It will be over in a fortnight or thereabouts."

"Thanks," drawled Adrian; "I will think over your recommendation."

"And counsel Mrs. Waverham, of course. If I mistake not she will fight against Lognor."

"Whether she does or not," said Adrian, drily, "is a matter that concerns ourselves only."

"Certainly, my dear fellow," replied Dalton, good humoredly. "Have nothing to do with what takes place behind the scenes."

Again they shook hands and parted, Captain Dalton saying nothing more about making a call, and Adrian left him with the motion that he would not attempt to find out the obscure hotel belonging to this Butler, who only existed now in name, the original proprietor having long since joined his forefathers in their long sleep.

"I have met your dear friend Dalton," said Adrian, as he entered the room where his wife sat in angry dignity awaiting his return. "He was good enough to make merry at our expense. He must know as much as we do about our happiness."

"Perhaps you enlightened him," she said, scornfully.

"Not I; he did not need it."

"Did you tell him we were staying here?"

"Naturally I did; he was too well bred to express his ignorance of the whereabouts of Butler's Family Hotel, but I could see he was puzzled and I did not relieve his ignorance."

"It is as well you did not, for I would not have him, close a friend as he is, know of the treatment I am experiencing."

Adrian took up a book, and yawning, turned over the leaves. It was only a guide to Strasburg, but it did as well as any other, and in silence they sat until the waiter came to lay the cloth for dinner.

"My dear," said Adrian, "I have decided where to go. Lognor will just suit us. You will find its retirement charming."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUTSIDE HELP.—It is a habit easily acquired to look to almost anything outside of ourselves for strength and happiness. We lean upon parents, teachers, friends, systems, opportunities, promises, anything sooner than upon our own resolute purposes, patient preservance, unflagging industry, and unswerving honesty. We depreciate our own powers, and exaggerate the ability of others to assist us. Yet the fact is that no one, however able and however willing, can do for us one tithe of what we can do for ourselves. They can but open doors for us—we alone can enter. If we are ever to amount to anything in our lives, it must be through individual determination and action; if we are to have any mental power, it must be through individual thought; if we are to attain any moral elevation of character, it can only be through the patient and earnest culture of the individual conscience.

SAINTS are not made in a day, but sinners can be made in a moment.

Bric-a-Brac.

CHINA AND JAPAN.—As in China, the Japanese theatre is open all day, and the presentation of a heroic national play occupies a very long time. Devotion to duty is almost the unvarying theme of dramatic representation.

FISH.—Fish ought to be very plentiful and cheap, as most of them grow and increase without any care from man. It is said that each flounder, for instance, produces many millions of eggs. The sole produces 1,000,000 of eggs, a plaice not less than 3,000,000, while a large turbot has been credited with the deposition of 11,000,000 or 12,000,000 eggs.

OF THE SHEEP-STINGER.—Amongst the animals found in the great upland plains of South Africa known as the Karroo, none are so much dreaded as the poisonous snakes. There is one snake so prettily colored, a coral red being the most prominent of the colors, that it is hard to think of it as venemous. And yet this small creature kills so many sheep and cattle that the Dutch Boers, or farmers, call it the "sheep-stinger."

HOW HIS BABY RULED THE WORLD.—Themistocles, the great Athenian general, who flourished some five hundred years before Christ, used to declare that his baby boy ruled the whole world, and proved it thus: "My infant son rules his mother. His mother rules me. I rule the Athenians. The Athenians rule the Greeks. The Greeks rule Europe. Europe rules the world. Therefore my infant son rules the world."

WHERE THEY DRINK NO COLD WATER.—The Chinese are hardly ever seen to drink cold water. Not that they drink it on the sly, but that they prefer it boiling hot and mixed with a little tea. There is a good and sufficient reason for this preference, for the cities, towns and villages in the Flowery Land are kept in such a dirty state that the wells, rivers and other sources of supply cannot escape being more or less spoiled. It is only fair to the "heathen Chinee" to add that, as a rule, he drinks little intoxicating liquor.

WITH NOVEL EFFECTS.—On a Sunday morning not so very long ago, the congregation of a London church were surprised at certain queer strange music coming from the organ. The organist felt annoyed as well as astonished, for the effects were such as he had not intended. After service, he obtained a screwdriver and took out one of the sides of the organ. Then cries of "Mew! mew!" seemed to proceed from the inside of the instrument, and further search led to the discovery of a black-and-white cat crouching at the foot of one of the large pipes. As soon as she was set free the cat rushed from the church, and harmony and peace were restored at the next musical service.

NOT SUCH A PET AS IT SEEMED.—Many of the British regiments keep pet animals, and the creature that the 2nd Life Guards take under their patronage is a bear. A lad of twelve who used to fetch and carry for the soldiers supposed himself to be a friend of Bruin's—wrongly, as it turned out. The bear lived in a grass plot fenced in railing, and was tied to a chain eighteen feet long for additional security. One day the boy squeezed himself between the rails, went up to the bear, which was then lying down, and patted it on the back, saying, "Get up, Polly." The animal must have been surly, for it rose at once, felled the lad, and began to gnaw him. Although the boy struggled bravely with the angry brute, it would have have gone ill with him but for the prompt arrival of a soldier, who beat the bear off, and carried the boy to the nearest hospital, where, his wounds being attended to, he recovered.

FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.—Several months ago a Norwegian vessel arrived at Galveston, having in tow the hull of an English ship that was found floating on the surface of the sea, after some disturbance beneath the waves, either of a volcanic or earthquake nature, off the Faroe Isles. The hull was covered with shells, but there was not much water in the hold or under decks, and, judging by appearances, the ship of which it was part would seem to have taken fire fifty years or so before, and burned to the water's edge. Some iron-bound chests, found in the captain's cabin, contained several articles that had been reduced to pulp, and a leather bag that needed to be cut open with an axe. More than a thousand pounds' worth of guineas, dated 1826, were found in the bag. Amongst other things discovered in this hull so strangely given up by the sea were watches, a stomacher of pearls blackened and ruined by the water, and three skeletons, one of a man nearly seven feet high.

EVICTION.

BY A. C. D.

"Winter must go," soft the west wind is singing,
No longer his minion northeaster shall blow;
The swallows, spring's herald, her edict is bringing—
"Winter must go."

His stronghold, frost fenced, had Phœbus laid low,
His fetters that held her earth now is flinging,
The streams, long his prisoners, his impotence show,
And safe 'neath the brier the first primrose is clinging,
The dell banks are bright with the celandine's glow,
While clear from the hillside the sheep bell is ringing—
"Winter must go."

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THAT night, while Harold Thane paced up and down his luxurious bedroom at the Chase, Lord Norman slept soundly in his cell in Dexmouth Prison.

From the moment he had walked into the village inn, and quietly remarked to the constable, "I think you have been looking for me!" a strange calm had fallen upon him.

He slept with his head upon his arm, the peaceful and unbroken slumber of a child.

It was true he dreamed, but no visions of Harold Thane came to harass him. It was Madge's face that floated upon the moonbeams which came through the barred window—it was Madge's voice which floated in upon the wings of the chimes. Her love hovered over him like a dove.

The turnkey found him still sleeping when he came with his breakfast, and stood for a moment or so looking down at the faint smile which rested upon the handsome face. It clouded for a moment, and then Norman sprang to his feet at the man's touch, and he realized where he was; but he thanked him cheerfully for the cup of coffee and thick slice of bread, and he ate his breakfast with an evident enjoyment, which amazed the turnkey.

"You've got to go before the magistrates at twelve," he said, "they're going to have a special sitting for you. I suppose you mean to give us a lot of trouble?" he added.

"Not in the very least," said Lord Norman, with a smile; "I am only too anxious to meet my examination and trial."

"Oh, well, it wouldn't matter if you did. You couldn't break through here; this ain't the lock up at Chesney," said the man, looking round the thick walls with complacent pride.

"Can I have writing materials?" said Lord Norman.

"Yes," was the reply. "You can have most anything till you're committed for trial—by paying for it," he added significantly.

Lord Norman gave him some money, and having procured some paper, wrote a couple of line to Madge. The last was in her own words—"God is good!" and the sentence, as he wrote it, seemed to fill the cell with the echo of her beloved voice.

At twelve the turnkey came for him, and he was escorted by half-a dozen policemen to the Court room, which adjoined the prison.

The news of his surrender and re-arrest had spread throughout the Court and its neighborhood, and the hall was full of a curious and excited crowd.

The magistrates' bench was full, Lord Landon being in the chair.

A buzz of interest and expectation rose from the body of the Court as the prisoner was brought in, and after staring at the handsome face and stalwart figure the spectators turned, as if with one accord, to glance at Harold Thane, the supposed Lord Norman, who sat at the end of the bench of magistrates, his face set with a forced smile. Everyone remarked the resemblance between the two men, and few failed to notice that, notwithstanding the artificial smile, Harold Thane's face was unusually pale, and that his dark eyes were fixed upon the ground, or, if they wandered at all, carefully avoided the prisoner.

Lord Norman looked round him calmly, glanced at Harold Thane's downcast face, and then looked steadily at Lord Landon with a mixture of gravity and dignified respect which impressed the magistrates.

The inspector at Dexmouth opened the proceedings, and his statement was short and to the point. The prisoner, who gave the name of Harry Richmond, was charged with attempted robbery at Chesney Chase, and an assault on Lord Lechmere. He, the inspector, would not proceed with a graver indictment that day, though he had reason to believe that there would be sufficient evidence to prove that the prisoner was a notorious bushranger, named Harold Thane, who had committed various crimes in Australia—a man for whose arrest a large reward had been offered by the Australian police. At any rate, the prisoner, be he Harold Thane or not, had, while in the bush with Lord Lechmere, robbed his lordship of a large sum of money and attempted to murder him.

Then he called Lord Lechmere, and amidst a profound silence, Harold Thane rose from his seat on the bench.

"Had you not better go into the body of the court, to the solicitors' table, Lechmere?" Lord Landon said in a low voice.

Thane colored, and bit his lip, and with the Testament in his hand went down to the solicitors' table. While he was taking the oath, his back turned to the prisoner, whose eyes were fixed on him, there was a slight stir near the door of the Court, and two gentlemen entered. Lord Norman looked round, and a flush rose to his face. One of the new-comers was Mr. Gerard. His companion was a young man, with a thin, close-shaven face, and sharp gray eyes which shot a glance round the Court, and then settled upon Thane. Mr. Gerard and the young man made their way to the table, and to the surprise of all the latter rose, bowed to the magistrates, and said in a low, but remarkably clear voice—

"I appear for the prisoner, your lordship!"

Lord Norman started, and looked at Mr. Gerard inquiringly; but Mr. Gerard stared straight before him as if he did not know him, or, if he did, was not anxious to claim acquaintance.

"I appear for the prisoner, gentlemen, and I respectfully request that"—he paused a moment—"Lord Lechmere take his place in the witness-box as if he were an ordinary individual."

Thane's face went white, and his teeth closed over his lips; but forcing a smile he said—

"Certainly," and mounted to the witness-box.

"Who is it?" Lord Landon bent down to inquire of the clerk seated just beneath him.

"Don't you know, my lord?" whispered back the clerk. "It is Mr. Lazarus Levi, the famous counsel."

And he smiled with an air of satisfaction and pride. For it is not often the world-famous Mr. Levi condescends to appear at a country Court.

Lord Landon and his fellow magistrates exchanged glances, and raised their eyebrows, while the inspector looked rather nervous, and glanced himself at the great man.

But Mr. Levi appeared to be in the sweetest of humors.

"Examine your witness, Mr. Inspector," he said, as pleasantly as if he were requesting him to begin a game of dominoes.

"Perhaps Lord Landon will make his statement," said the inspector.

Thane faced the Bench, his eyes fixed on the lowest button of Lord Landon's waistcoat, and told the story he had rehearsed during the whole of the preceding night.

There did not appear to be a flaw in it, and it ran as smoothly as oil. To the spectators it seemed quite clear that the prisoner had made an audacious attempt to get at the safe, and that only by his clever subterfuge Lord Lechmere had succeeded in outwitting the criminal, and denouncing him.

When he had finished every eye was turned to the famous lawyer, who looked so young and harmless, and who had appeared, during the evidence, absorbed by a study of his finger nails.

He rose, almost reluctantly, as it seemed.

"The prisoner was extremely violent, was he not, Lord Lechmere?" he asked in quite a bland voice.

"He was," said Thane.

"Why did you not call for assistance?"

"I am not a coward," was the reply.

"In—deed!" commented Mr. Levi, as if the fact stated were extraordinary and unheard of.

"And it would have been of no use," Thane added; "the door is a double one, and no cry could have been heard."

"I see. And you are convinced that the prisoner's object was robbery—that he intended to get at the safe?"

"Yes," said Thane.

"May I ask you what you keep in that safe, Lord Lechmere?" was the softly spoken question.

Thane glanced at the keen face for a minute. As he did so, two ladies entered the Court. They were Lady Delamoor and Lady Sybil. At sight of the lovely face a deep red suffused Thane's, and his spirits seemed to rise.

"Some jewels, money, and other valuables."

"And you suggest that the prisoner knew this?" inquired Mr. Levi, blandly.

"Any fool would expect to find something worth stealing in a safe," was the reply.

"And you think the prisoner a fool?" was the instant retort. "Of course you struggled with the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"And he struck you. I notice a bruise on the side of your face. Did he do that?"

Thane's eyes flashed malignantly.

"Yes."

"And you have other marks of his violence, no doubt?"

"He is a strong man," said Thane, in a low voice.

"Thank you," came like a flash. "That being so, perhaps you will tell us why he did not succeed in overpowering you and effecting this robbery? There is no bruise on his face. Prisoner, bare your arm!" he broke off, in quite a low voice, but with sharp distinctness. Lord Norman bared both arms. There was not a mark upon them.

The magistrates looked straight before them. Thane's face darkened and he bit his lip.

"I think," continued Mr. Levi, "that when you had lured—may I say 'lured?'—the prisoner to the drawing room, you seized him and charged him with being one 'Harold Thane,' a notorious bushranger, long since 'wanted' by the police?"

"I did!" said Thane simply, and with a sudden flash of his eyes. "I charge him with it now. I have evidence——"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Levi, with child-like sweetness; "the only charge before their worships is an assault and attempted robbery at Chesney Chase. You can prefer any charge later on. You may step down, Lord Lechmere."

Thane left the witness-box, and the spectators making a lane for him, went to Lady Sybil.

"Why did you come, dearest?" he asked in a low voice. "This is not a fitting place for you."

"Why have you kept away from us?" she whispered reproachfully. "Have you been too ill to come to us? We have been terribly anxious, have we not, mamma?" And she pressed his hand.

"Yes," murmured Lady Delamoor. As she spoke, she looked across at the prisoner, Norman. The light from the skylight was falling full upon his handsome face; and either its resemblance to the man beside her, or some subtle expression in it, smote her with a strange feeling of dread and apprehension. She went pale, and closing her eyes turned her head away.

"Let us go, Sybil," she said in a tremulous voice. "This—this place is stifling, and I—I feel faint!"

Lady Sybil looked at her impatiently, but rose, and Thane conducted them from the Court. As he was was passing out he paused to hear Lord Landon ask—

"Do you call any witnesses, Mr. Levi?"

"No, my lord," said Mr. Levi, cheerfully.

Lord Landon consulted with his brother magistrates for a moment or two.

"We intend committing the prisoner for trial, Mr. Levi," he said. "Have you anything to say?"

He looked at Lord Norman as he put the question; but Mr. Levi answered quickly, as if to prevent Lord Norman speaking—

"No, my lord. Not at present."

Lord Landon looked slightly surprised.

"Very well," he said.

The usual formalities were gone through, and Lord Norman was taken back to his cell.

Ten minutes afterwards the turnkey unlocked the door, and ushered in Mr. Gerard and Mr. Levi.

Lord Norman sprang to his feet, and grasped Mr. Gerard's hand with a warmth to which the sculptor vainly endeavored not to respond.

"You've led us a pretty dance!" he grunted. "No sooner do I get up to London, than I'm informed that you've bolted back again."

"You have seen Madge—Miss Gordon?" said Lord Norman in a low voice.

Mr. Gerard nodded and grunted again.

"Of course, or I shouldn't have known you had given yourself up. She declared that that was what you intended doing when you left her. Oh, yes, she is very well," he went on, as if Lord Norman had put the question. "Trust a woman to keep her head and her strength when her sweetheart is in danger! But they won't give me many minutes more, and here is a gentleman whose conversation will be more valuable than mine—at least, I hope so. Here, turnkey, let me out!" He paused at the door, and looked back over his shoulder.

"Don't be anxious about—anybody. I'm going back to London now. I can't do any good here, and I will look after her like—like a brother."

"There goes the truest friend——" breathed Lord Norman to himself, and almost forgetting Mr. Levi's presence.

"And you want a true friend just at this juncture," said the clear sharp voice.

Lord Norman met the keen eyes which the famous lawyer fixed on him with a steady regard.

"You mean that I am in danger, Mr. Levi?" he said.

Mr. Levi nodded shortly.

"Yes," he said with a smile; "the other side have a strong case, and a black one. But we need not be altogether hopeless—that is, if you will be kind enough to tell me the truth."

Lord Norman smiled grimly.

"Very few of my clients do," said Mr. Levi drily. "They leave me to find it out, which wastes time. Fortunately—for them—I always do find it out." He took out a cigarette case. "You don't mind my smoking, do you? I can always think clearer with the divine nicotine. Thanks." He lit the cigarette, and, of course, the turnkey speedily appeared.

"Hi!" he exclaimed. "You mustn't smoke, you know! It's against the rules!" he continued with mingled horror and indignation.

Mr. Levi, still smoking, surveyed him with a bland smile.

"Do you fancy you smell tobacco, warder?" he said mildly. "I think you must be mistaken."

And overpowered either by Mr. Levi's smile or his audacity—he will never know which, though he should live to be a hundred—the turnkey stammered something, unintelligible and withdrew again.

Mr. Levi held out the case to Lord Norman.

"Light up, and tell me the whole story. Mind, I mean the whole story—not half of it, or a mere quarter even, for that is worse than telling me nothing. But first, just answer me this question as straightly as it is put: Are you Harold Thane or Lord Lechmere?" And he fixed his keen piercing eyes on Lord Norman's face.

"I am Lord Lechmere, Mr. Levi."

There was a moment's silence; then the great lawyer folded his hands behind his head and leant back as comfortably as he could.

"All right, my lord. Now, please, the whole story. Of course, Mr. Gerard has told me something of it; but he is a better sculptor than raconteur, and I only know the outline."

Lord Norman related the entire facts as simply and briefly as he could. Now and again his voice faltered when he spoke of his love for Madge, the loss of his memory, and its strange return; and his eyes glistened when he described the scene in which Silas Fletcher had striven to drive his vile bargain; but he got through it very well, and Mr. Levi nodded with approval when he had finished.

"It is a wonderful story!" he said. "I hope——" He paused.

"Go on," said Lord Norman.

"I hope we shall get the jury to believe it."

"That is what Mr. Gerard said."

Mr. Levi nodded again.

"It is almost too wonderful," he said. "You see, who's to prove all this? Where are your witnesses?"

Lord Norman looked at him blankly.

"There's Miss Gordon, for one," said Mr. Levi thoughtfully.

Lord Norman colored. "Need she be called? I—I would do much to spare her the publicity of a Court."

"Of course she must be called," said Mr. Levi. "But will they believe her? They will say—I should say it, if I were on their side—that she is an accomplice."

Lord Norman sprang up and began to pace his cell.

"Keep cool, my lord," said Mr. Levi. "Take another cigarette. Nothing like tobacco for the nerves. They will say that the real Lord Norman having jilted her, she has naturally, every excuse for

helping another one to take his place. Do you see?"

Lord Norman's face darkened.

"No one would believe so great a lie!" he said.

Mr. Levi laughed softly.

"Touching this Mr. Silas Fletcher. Is he a tall, thin man, rather slouching, with lank hair and a bruised face. Walks with a limp, the bruise and the limp caused by —ahem!—falling downstairs probably. Yes? I saw him outside the Court this morning. Lord Norman, that man's evidence will finish us unless we can produce something stronger. I am almost sorry he did not break his neck when—he fell down the stairs the other night."

Lord Norman smiled grimly, and sighed.

"They do well to make Justice blind," he said bitterly.

Mr. Levi rose.

"Yes; but we'll try and pull the bandage from her eyes before we've done," he retorted. "Keep up your heart, my lord. We'll give them a fight for it anyhow." And with a nod and a smile he called the warder.

"That's a strange fancy, yours, about the tobacco, warder," Lord Norman heard him say as the door clanged to. "I should see a doctor if I were you."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WOMAN," said Voltaire, "is the Great Enigma!" A good man struggles with adversity, but, struggle as he may, is too often overcome. A woman, give her love to strengthen her, will rise above the direst adversity and difficulties, and, not seldom, overcome them.

Madge ought to have been completely crushed and overwhelmed by the weight and darkness of the clouds that had fallen upon her, but, even to her own astonishment, she was not.

For, though at one moment her heart was wrung with anxious dread on Lord Norman's account, the next she would realize that her lover had come back from death, so to speak, and that he loved her still; and then her woman's heart would thrill and throb with a joy which removed her fear and terror.

He had come back to her! He loved her still—had loved her faithfully all through the years that had parted them. Her whole frame quivered when she thought of it—quivered with a passionate love which was almost an agony in itself, so intense, so utterly absorbing was it.

Norman had left her kneeling beside her grandfather, prostrated by Silas Fletcher's avowal of his baseness and treachery, and Madge had thought that the news of his destruction of the botanic book, the labor of so many years, must kill him. But it is always the unexpected that occurs, and Mr. Gordon afforded another proof of the adage that "man cannot be counted upon to do anything according to rule."

For an hour he sat completely crushed, as it seemed; then suddenly he raised his head from his hands, and drawing a long sigh, looked round the room, his gaze at last resting upon her pale face and anxious eyes with a tender wistfulness and yet with a look of resolution and strength which started Madge.

"That man is a scoundrel, Madge!" he said at last, and there was a ring in his voice, which had of late been so weak and quavering, that surprised Madge. "He's a scoundrel! Don't let him come here again."

"He will never come here again, dear," she murmured, with a shudder.

"Destroyed it, burnt it!" he said with a sharp breath, as if something had stifled him. "Madge, we must have been blind to trust him as we did!"

"I was blind," she sobbed, almost inaudibly. "It was all my fault. But there is worse than you know." She longed to tell him all, but dreaded the effect upon him, and resisted the longing. "Never mind, dear, we must bear it. You will try and bear it, will you not, for my sake?" And she clung to him.

He laid his hand upon her head caressingly, soothingly, as if they had suddenly changed places, and he had become the protector.

"Yes, Madge," he said quietly. "It only means that I must begin over again——"

"No, dear; no, no. You are not strong enough to begin it all over again!"

He patted her shoulder, and smiled down at her white face.

"I don't know," he said, almost to himself. "I have been dreaming too much of late. Perhaps I wanted this blow to rouse me. At any rate, it has roused me. Yes, I will begin again, Madge. Fortunately, I have kept my notes."

She uttered a faint but hopeful cry.

"Yes, I have my notes. It will be hard work, but I will do it!"

He rose as he spoke, and brushed the white hair from his forehead with a hand grown suddenly and strangely firm, and met Madge's eyes, filled with amazement and thankfulness, with an encouraging smile.

"I can guess his object in burning the book, Madge"—he winced—"but don't be afraid. I'd rather work till I die than he should have any hold on us, the scoundrel!"

He went to the table and began to get his books and papers as if he meant to set to work at once to repair the ill Silas Fletcher had done. But Madge quietly drew him away, and persuaded him to go to bed.

She herself sat up beside the fire all night, going over and over again the scene between Norman and Silas Fletcher, and over again murmuring to herself, "He has come back! He loves me, he loves me!" Then shuddering as she realized the danger in which Lord Norman was placed, and the baseness and treachery allied against him; but always the joy predominated, and it was, "He loves me, he loves me!" through all the watches of the night.

In the morning Mr. Gerard came to her, and learning the story of the preceding night, he had gone off to secure Mr. Levi, and take him down to Dexmouth.

"Can I do nothing, nothing?" Madge moaned. "Is there nothing I can do but sit here and eat my heart out? Oh, if I could do something!"

"I'm afraid you can only play the woman's usual part—suffer, and be patient," he said, holding her hand in his big strong one.

"And yet you may go to him," she cried, enviously. "You may go, while I must stay here, sick and helpless!"

"Yes, that's the way," he said, gravely. "Men must work and women must weep——'"

"No," she broke out with an energy that startled him. "I will not weep. Tell him that I know, I know, all will come right—that I trust in God, and fear nothing."

But notwithstanding this assertion of her courage, the hours dragged along with painful slowness after Mr. Gerard had gone. Then came Lord Norman's short note. To describe its effect upon her would be impossible. The words sang in her heart, as the poet says. She felt as if the room were too small to permit her breathing, and leaving her grandfather hard at work, strange to say, with a bright eye and eager face—she went out into the streets with the precious note in her bosom.

She walked round Bedford-square twice; the silence of the night bringing her something of its peace and consolation. Then she turned to go home. At the corner of Hart-street she paused. Mr. Gerard's marble-yard was only a stone's throw from where she stood, and an intense longing to go to it, to stand amidst the blocks of stone which Norman had touched, and on which he had worked, took possession of her.

She walked thither quickly, and opening the small door in the big gates, entered and looked round. She could almost fancy that she heard the ring of the mallet and chisel, could see the stalwart, blouse-clad form of the man she loved, and she went and laid her hand upon one or two of the huge blocks which his beloved hand must have touched.

Then she turned to go, and as she opened the small door she saw a woman standing on the pavement just outside.

She shrank back instinctively, then taking another look, saw that it was the girl whose face she had seen Mr. Gerard modeling, and moved by an uncontrolable inspiration, she said—

"Good evening."

The woman had been leaning against the gate, her eyes fixed on the pavement, and she started at the sound of Madge's voice, and raised her eyes with a half-mysterious expression in them.

"You know me?" said Madge, going through the doorway, and stopping in front of her. "I have seen you in Mr. Gerard's studio here."

"Yes," said the woman in a low voice.

The two looked at each other, and something in the pale sorrow-laden face went straight to Madge's heart.

"Were you wishing to see Mr. Gerard?" she inquired.

The woman shook her head.

"No," she said; "I—I only came out for a walk, and—and I stopped here because"—she looked around vaguely, wearily—"I knew the place."

"I have been for a walk, too," said Madge gently. "I am glad you did not want Mr. Gerard because he has gone away. He is in the country."

The woman looked at her with scant interest.

"He does not leave London often," she said, drawing her shawl round her as if she were going.

"No," said Madge; "but he has gone to help a person who is in great trouble."

"Yes?" said the model, and she moved a step.

Obeying the strange impulse Madge went on, in her low gentle voice, which, though she did not know it, throbbed with suppressed emotion.

"Yes. Do you remember his workman, Harry Richmond?"

The woman started, and turned her eyes with a sudden fear in them on Madge's beautiful, wistful face.

"Harry Richmond. He is in trouble—great trouble. I think you must know him and remember him. He came into the studio the other day when you were there. He"—her voice faltered—"he is very tall and handsome."

"I know," said the woman in a constrained voice. "Well?"

Madge drew a long breath.

"He has been accused of a crime, and—and is in prison."

"In prison?" repeated the woman huskily. "What has he been doing?"

"They charge him with robbery and attempted murder," said Madge, with a catch in her voice.

"Is it possible!" she said below her breath. "He could not do it!"

Madge caught at her hand.

"Oh!" she panted gratefully. "Oh! how good it is to hear you say that! You know him?"

"No," said the woman, "I do not know him. How should I?"

She looked away from Madge's shining eyes.

"Who accuses him?"

Madge was silent for a moment, then she said—

"It is the strangest story; I cannot tell you the whole of it. But the man who falsely accuses him calls himself Lord Norman Lechmere."

She stopped. Was it wise of her to confide in this woman? she asked herself. But even as she put the question mentally she resolved to go on, for something in the pale face invited her, almost compelled her confidence.

"He is an impostor. The real Lord Norman is Harry Richmond—they are exactly alike."

The woman shrank back for an instant, then bent forward, her eyes fixed on Madge's face.

"Exactly alike?" she repeated.

Madge sighed.

"Yes," she said, almost inaudibly, and with bitter self reproach. "So alike that—that I myself was deceived. But one is a villain, and the other is"—she hesitated for a word for a moment—then said "a martyr! The villain has robbed the true man of everything—name, title, money—and now he is trying to prove him a thief and—and——" Her voice broke, and she turned her head aside.

The woman stood motionless as one of the blocks of marble in the yard.

"Where—where is this other man?" she asked in a dry, metallic voice.

Madge raised her head.

"At Chesney Chase in Downshire," she said "He is where Harry Richmond—the real Lord Norman—should be. Oh, I am afraid you would never understand. It is so strange, so terrible."

"Chesney Chase, Downshire," repeated the woman dully. "And is he so like Harry Richmond?"

Madge sighed.

"Yes! Until one knows them both! But——" She stopped and peered into the woman's face. It had grown white to the lips. "But why do you ask? Why do you look at me like that?" For the woman's eyes were fixed on her with a strange intensity. Madge caught her breath.

"You know Harry Richmond—Lord Norman! You know him! Oh, I can see it in your face! Oh, tell me, tell me! He is in danger, terrible danger! And—and I love him! Help me!"

She put out her hand and caught the other's wrist imploringly.

The woman stood for a moment as if irresolute, then she shook Madge's hand off.

"How should I know either of them!" she said hoarsely. "It is nothing to me; nothing!" And almost covering her face with her hands she turned and walked quickly away.

Madge could have followed the model, but she turned, swept down a side street swiftly, and was lost to sight, and Madge went home excited by the conviction that, notwithstanding her denial, the woman did indeed know something of Lord Norman.

All night she lay pondering over the girl's strange words and manner, and after breakfast she was going to Mr. Gerard's studio to ask if he knew her address, when the door opened, and he came in, accompanied by Mr. Levi.

"Committed for trial," he said in his abrupt way. "Don't be frightened," for Madge's face now grew white, and she clasped her hands. "He isn't found guilty yet, and won't be if this gentleman can prevent it." And he introduced Mr. Levi, who had silently been watching her. He was evidently very favorably impressed, for his manner and voice when he spoke to her was gentleness itself.

"No, don't be frightened Miss Gordon," he said, pressing her hand. "We mean to make a hard fight for it, and we want all our wits. I'm very much interested in the case, and I don't mean to leave a stone unturned. That's why I've come to see you this morning, I want you to tell me all you know."

Mr. Gerard grunted.

"He knows all that there is to know already," he said.

Mr. Levi smiled.

"Yes; but everyone when he tells a story leaves something out, and a different part of it. No doubt I shall hear something from Miss Gordon which you and Lord Norman have forgotten."

He sat down and crossed his legs, and smiled at her, like a child wishing to hear a funny story.

Madge, at first in faltering accents, then eagerly, gave her account of all that passed, and was only interrupted by Mr. Gerard, who pointed to Mr. Levi.

"Aren't you going to take any notes?"

"No," replied the famous man with a slight laugh. "I carry my note-book here." And he touched his forehead.

"Is that all?" he asked when Madge paused.

"No, not all," she said, hesitatingly.

Then she told him of her meeting with the model on the preceding night.

"I cannot help thinking that she must have known Lord Norman," she said, timidly. "You remember, Mr. Gerard, how startled she was when she saw him in the studio, the day he came in with the block of marble?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said Mr. Gerard. "The explanation is simple enough. The girl—don't look offended now—the girl had the good luck to fall in love with him. That's the real and obvious explanation Mr. Levi."

Mr. Levi had been listening attentively his eyes fixed on the fire. He raised them at the question, and Madge saw a keen light in them.

"What is the woman's name?" he asked.

"Brown, Robinson, I forget," said Mr. Gerard, impatiently. "What does it matter?"

"The name may not matter much, but her address does," was Mr. Levi's swift response. "Where does she live?"

Mr. Gerard hunted in his pockets, and tugged out several scraps of paper.

"Oh, here it is," he said. "16, Lant Street, Borough."

Mr. Levi took up his hat, and glanced at his watch.

"Will you put your bonnet on, Miss Gordon," he said. "I'll give you five minutes. I want you to come with me to 16, Dant Street Street, and identify this woman for me."

"Yes," said Madge, instantly.

"But why! What good can she do us?" inquired Mr. Gerard, impatiently. "I tell you the girl is in love with Richmond—dash it, I shall never learn to call him by that confounded title—I mean Lord Norman. Whom do you suppose you have discovered in her?"

Mr. Levi smiled as he drew on his gloves.

"Only Mary Marshall," he said. "Have you forgotten, or did not Lord Norman tell you of the girl who appeared in the bush and mistook him for Harold Thane?"

Madge uttered a faint cry of amazement and joy.

"Oh, how clever you are!" she exclaimed, gratefully and ran out of the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BRIGHT YOUTH.—Fond parent (to youth home from school): "What place have you got in your class this week?" Boy: "The twenty-sixth." "How many of you are there in your form?" "Twenty-six." A fortnight later the father repeated the question, to which his son and heir made answer. "The twenty-seventh." "Twenty-seventh? There are only twenty-six of you in all!" "Oh, there's a new boy."

NO MORE.

BY W. W. LONG

No more in all the happy land,
Must we in love reach hand in hand,
Apart forever must we stand;
Eyes unto eyes no more may seek
To read the language love would speak,
I may not kiss your tender cheek;
The end is here—you understand,
The dream is dead that love had planned,
Fate is the judge—we bow to his command;
He rules us out from fairyland,
And bars the way with iron band;
We may not pass—we are too weak—
Good bye, good bye—there, do not speak.

Her Rise and Fall.

BY S. E. C.

[Continued from last week.]

REALLY, Mrs. Brunt, it is quite a relief to get some neighbors in the country," observed Lady Olivia, in her most affable tone, whilst luncheon was in progress. This remark caused a sensation to run round the table. When Lady Olivia alluded to these new people, who were not even in the same county, as neighbors, it was clear that she meant formally to adopt them.

"Yes, it is pleasant," acquiesced Lydia. "Not that I expect we shall be at home much."

"Why? Is your husband thinking of standing for Parliament?" said Lady Olivia sharply.

"Oh, no! Not at present, certainly. Later on I daresay he may, but he says nothing will induce him to be bothered with it now." Lydia spoke with easy assurance, as if she had reliable private information that at least three constituencies were contesting the honor of sending Mr. Brunt to Westminster.

Lady Olivia, who knew better than anybody by what a struggle Colonel Wade had retained his seat at the last election, was uncertain whether to be amused or irritated.

"And in the meantime, what shall you do?" she said drily.

"That depends a good deal on my health," replied Mrs. Brunt, quite unabashed. "The doctors are always telling me I ought to go abroad for the winter, but so far, I have managed to escape by staying at the sea-side. My chief fear is that I shall break down before the shooting season is over, and my husband will not hear of my going home alone, although he is such a devotee of sport. I often tell him he lives for nothing else, but I suppose it is a remnant of his old Australian habits." And Lydia laughed merrily, as well she might, seeing that Mr. Brunt's colonial experiences had been exclusively confined to the inside of a Sydney warehouse. "The worst of it is that nothing satisfies him," she continued. "We bought a charming place some time ago, a far better house than the one we have at present. And then, just as we had got over all the trouble of settling in, he became disgusted with the shooting, and threw it all up. So like a man! As if it really mattered whether one killed fifteen hundred or two thousand head the first day. It seems almost nasty to be so bloodthirsty, doesn't it?"

Lawrence Kite was listening with acute interest to Mrs. Brunt's artless babble. He had already heard more than one reason assigned for their hasty change of residence, but the story had never taken exactly this shape before. He glanced at Mr. Brunt to see if he would corroborate his wife's statements, but that worthy man was far away at the other end of the table, deep in conversation with Colonel Wade, and heard nothing that was going on. So Mr. Kite turned his attention again to Lydia.

"Do you mean you actually buy things in your country town? Well, I call that really good of you!" she was saying in a patronizing voice. "I know it's what we all ought to do; but for my part I never can find anything fit to eat or wear out of London! Do tell me how you manage?"

"Well, of course it is rather different for us," answered Lady Olivia, half apologetically. "You see, Hillsbury is in Colonel Wade's division."

"Hillsbury?"

"Yes. It is our market town, about twelve miles from here. But possibly you have never even heard of such a place."

"I think I have, although I did not know it was quite so near here. I believe I passed through it in the train years ago. But it hardly looked the sort of place where one could buy much."

Lydia spoke quite calmly. She had been prepared for something of this kind occurring, but knowing from past experience what an abyss separates county families from country town gossip, she felt that the risk of visiting Wade Park was really infinitesimal. The only contingency in which she might be embarrassed was if her husband happened to blunder out some reference to her mother. But he had never been at Hillsbury, and knew nothing of it except as the destination of his quarterly checks.

Approaching Wade in the opposite direction, and along another line of rail, he would in all probability never connect the two places together. These reflections enabled her to listen coolly whilst her hostess dilated on the advantages and drawbacks of the situation.

"Yes, I assure you we get many things at Hillsbury. Almost every market day I make a point of driving in and returning with the carriage full of parcels, I do indeed!" And Lady Olivia smiled proudly, being firmly convinced that by astute conduct she had won the six saving votes at the last election. "I always say," she continued, "that no sacrifice is too great to make for the public good. And after all, if the things aren't very nice, they will eat tons of anything in the servants' hall!"

"Oh, quite right, so long as one knows where it goes!" observed Mr. Kite, with an ostentatious sigh of relief as he helped himself to a sardine that he had been contemplating critically whilst his hostess spoke.

Lydia caught his eyes and laughed rather more than the occasion warranted. In fact her mirth was on the verge of becoming hysterical. Lady Olivia was not best pleased by this ill-timed hilarity. She took herself very seriously, especially where politics were concerned. From her point of view a sneer at electioneering tactics, as embodied in the purchase of Hillsbury groceries, was almost tantamount to an attack on the British Constitution.

"Of course I can understand that such precautions must appear trifling to outsiders," she said, majestically. "But when one has been mixed up in politics to the extent I have, one soon learns the value of apparent trifles. A strict attention to detail and organization is what secures a seat. At least that is my maxim always."

The guests listened in respectful silence. When the wife of the county member begins to lay down the law on politics, she is not a person to be trifled with.

"My dear, don't you think our visitors might like to look round the garden and stables, as it is so fine," interrupted Colonel Wade, from the other end of the table. Fate had condemned him to rather a dull position, between an elderly dowager and poor Mr. Brunt, whose range of subjects was undoubtedly limited. Consequently he was not anxious to prolong the talk indefinitely.

"Your friend is certainly pretty," said Lady Olivia, lingering for a moment with Lawrence Kite, as the rest of the party started on a tour of inspection round the garden. "Rather an American style, though, to my mind."

"French dressmaker," ejaculated Mr. Kite.

"Oh, that's it, is it? I was wondering. But I might have guessed you would know. Rather a frivolous little thing, I should think—not what one would call clever," continued Lady Olivia, who could not quite forgive Mrs. Brunt her inopportune smile at the Hillsbury electioneering tactics.

"Clever? Well, I hardly know," answered Mr. Kite reflectively. He was watching Lydia, who made a charming picture walking slowly across the lawn, with the sunshine gleaming on her golden hair. "Oh, do take me to the stables first, please, Colonel Wade!" he could hear her saying. "It is rather naughty of me, but I really prefer the dear horses to anything, even the flowers! No, I haven't been riding much lately, but I hope that as I become stronger I may take to it again. Nothing like it, is there?"

"I think I shall ask those people to stay here for the Hunt Ball," remarked Lady Olivia rather inconsequently. "Gussie Devane had the imprudence to say last year that my party was a regular collection of old frumps. I shouldn't be surprised if she swooned away with envy when she sees Mrs. Brunt's latest Parisian turn out."

Actuated by this benevolent impulse, she hurried forward, and intercepted the procession on the way to the stables.

"I am sorry to interrupt you all," she said, "but I must really take Mrs. Brunt off to see the decoration of the new rooms. I am rather proud of my taste, you know."

—"I should like it of all things," began Lydia, "but Colonel Wade has just offered to show me the stables."

"Very well. He must show them to the others, then," exclaimed Lady Olivia, as her crestfallen husband turned away with the remnant of the party. "Come along," she continued, "I want to talk over a little plan with you."

Mrs. Brunt followed her hostess gladly, feeling that, although she had bravely faced the ordeal, it would be far easier to make apposite remarks over carpets and curtains than in the novel atmosphere of the stable yard.

"Of course we shall be delighted to stay with you for the ball," she replied with conventional calm to Lady Olivia's invitation. "We were thinking of engaging rooms at the hotel, and taking a party ourselves, but it will be even pleasanter joining you."

She spoke rather as if conferring a favor by her mere presence, all the more so because she had to guard carefully against betraying the wildest exultation. Truly this was the climax of her success.

The new wing of Wade was worthy of more attention than Lydia could bestow on it that afternoon. She was solely preoccupied with her own overpowering good fortune. How Lawrence Kite had overrated the difficulties that lay in her path; or, as she somewhat resentfully thought, under-rated her powers of surmounting them.

Here was Lady Olivia already making flattering advances to her at the first interview. Visions of a presentation at the next Drawing Room, under the most auspicious circumstances, to be followed by the legendary glories of a triumphant London season, flitted through Lydia's dizzy brain as she listened mechanically to her hostess.

"And this is the new library," said Lady Olivia, throwing open a door and exhibiting an empty room of noble proportions. "A fine room, isn't it?" she continued. "An oak floor, you see, and the walls lined with oak bookcases. How do you like the mantelpiece? It is generally considered a good piece of carving. We had an Italian over on purpose to do it."

Mrs. Brunt expressed herself in appropriate terms of admiration, as was expected. But in her heart she did not care at all for this somewhat sombre magnificence. However, the polished oak floor was delicious, undoubtedly superior to any of the hotel ball-rooms, which were the only ones she was acquainted with so far.

It was with difficulty that, in her present state of elation, she could suppress an impromptu waltz; but with Lady Olivia at her side, gravely discoursing on the rival merits of various tradesmen, she was forced to be content with gliding lightly over the slippery surface, as they traversed the length of the room.

"We will go out at the opposite door," said Lady Olivia. "There is really not much to see here yet; but it will look better when the curtains are up. I hope they will be finished to-day. A handsome pattern, are they not?"

Mrs. Brunt glanced carelessly towards the great stone mullioned window, and for the first time noticed a woman stitching silently away at a great pile of rich material. She was working so busily that she did not even stop to look up as the two ladies walked through the room.

"I think those great orange sunflowers on the brown background will look well for this large room," observed Lady Olivia. "Some people consider the pattern staring, whilst others admire it excessively. The material is almost unique. There was only one other piece made, and that was bought by the Empress of Austria."

"Oh, indeed," said Lydia, staring vacantly towards the window. She was not thinking of the curtains, had not noticed either their coloring or material. Her eyes were riveted on the stooping figure of the old seamstress.

There was something very familiar about the thin hands and the scanty twist of the gray hair, just visible under the rusty black bonnet, as the woman bent over her work. Lydia felt a sudden choking sensation in her throat, like the premonitory symptoms of a hysterical attack. She managed, however, to cross the room steadily, and pass out through the door that Lady Olivia was holding open. But although she never looked back, she felt instinctively that the old woman had for one moment glanced up from her work.

* * * * * *

For some time after leaving the library Mrs. Brunt was lost to all external impressions. From sheer force of habit she followed Lady Olivia down a long passage, and through a conservatory glowing with color and fragrant and sweetly-scented flowers.

But all the time she was going over and over again the sensations of that awful moment when the identity of the old workwoman was forced upon her. Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she would persuade herself that it was quite impossible: she must have been misled by some accidental resemblance. She would return presently to the library and assure herself that such was the case. But it would be difficult to find an excuse for going back, and besides, supposing——

Mrs. Brunt felt that she should break down if this mental struggle continued much longer. It was a great relief when the footman presently came in search of his mistress.

"I hope you will excuse me," said Lady Olivia, breaking off in the midst of an eloquent panegyric on her gardener's peculiar method of growing camellias; "the housekeeper wants to speak to me for a minute. I see Colonel Wade and some of the others still in the garden. Perhaps you will go to them, and I will join you again presently."

Mrs. Brunt was only too happy to make any change, and felt that in the confusion of a large party her nervousness would be less noticeable. In the desultory conversation that followed she was able to sustain her part without flinching. When Lawrence Kite glided to her side and softly congratulated her on the admiration she had excited, she was even capable of a smiling response. "To-day has been a perfect success," he said. And she acquiesced, though her heart felt like lead.

Mr. Kite was indeed jubilant. He looked on Mrs. Brunt with the honest pride of a skilful artist contemplating the finished work of his hands. He alone could justly estimate what he had done for that woman, who, but for his benevolent intervention, would never have been known beyond a small circle of hotel acquaintances.

Now, solely owing to his good services, she was exciting admiration, tinged by envy, in the representatives of the best country families. Certainly, events had been singularly propitious. Even Mr. Brunt's somewhat stolid gravity only served as a striking background to his wife's charms. The silent elderly man had attracted but little attention. Still there was nothing about him to excite adverse comment. Besides, a rather picturesque legend had somehow grown up respecting his colonial origin, which amply sufficed to cover any deficiencies of manner, if such existed.

Mr. Kite was very justly convinced that any small benefits that might accrue to himself from the riches and liberality of his new friends would be very insufficient acknowledgments of all he had done for them.

What were hundreds of pheasants or hogsheads of champagne compared with the advantages of a good social start? But he regretted nothing. All of which goes to prove that Lawrence Kite was a genuine philanthropist.

"So sorry not to have returned before," exclaimed Lady Olivia, rejoining her guests after a considerable time had elapsed. "Such a vexing accident has happened. Don't be alarmed! It isn't to any of us, or even the servants. Only that poor woman who was putting up the new curtains; such a respectable old body, though. She was recommended to me by one of the Hillsbury clergymen, and she certainly gets through more work than anybody I ever employed before."

Lydia was choking so that she could scarcely breathe. Fortunately a chorus of voices asked the question her trembling lips could not form.

"Well, we really don't exactly know how it happened," replied Lady Olivia, for there was nobody with her at the time. You remember, Mrs. Brunt, she was working by herself when we passed through the room. Then a few minutes later, when the housekeeper looked in, she found poor Mrs. Smith lying on the floor quite unconscious. We think she must have turned faint, or slipped when she was trying to hang up those heavy curtains, and fallen from the steps. She is better now, but seems to have hurt her arm a good deal; it was doubled under her in the fall. I don't know whether it's a sprain or a broken limb. Some years ago I went to a course of lectures on nursing, but it's so tiresome. I can't remember anything, except how to make a mustard poultice! So I have told the coachman to call for the doctor when he drives Mrs. Brunt to the station. And, bye-the-bye, the carriage is at the door, and I am afraid

you must hurry off or you will miss your train. So sorry you can't stay longer!"

"What shall you do with—with that poor woman?" asked Lydia hoarsely, as they walked towards the carriage.

"That's the difficulty! Of course I must keep her here for the present, but, with the house full of people, the servants haven't much time for nursing. As for my curtains, I despair of ever seeing them up now! And I was so anxious to get that room finished, and fit to use before our next party. It's really too trying! However," continued Lady Olivia, who was really good-natured, "I am even more vexed about the poor old woman. Such a good upholstress, and thoroughly honest besides. I believe she has rather come down in life, and has rich relations, who have treated her badly, or something. The clergyman of the parish told me all about it once, only I have forgotten. At any rate she seems very poor now, and I can't make out that she has anybody to look after her at home. So very awkward not to know what to do! Now, good-bye. It's so pleasant to have met you at last. I will write again about the Hunt Ball, but don't make any engagements for that week."

Lady Olivia waved her hand, Lawrence Kite gave a congratulatory farewell bow, and the carriage drove off.

Twenty times during the short drive to the station Mrs. Brunt was on the point of stopping the carriage and returning at all hazards to her mother's sick bed. But this natural impulse faded away as her imagination pictured all the humiliating details of the necessary exposure. It was almost a relief when the train started and all further hesitation was impossible. Mr. Brunt, ensconced behind a newspaper, did not notice his wife's uneasiness, and during the hour's railway journey she was able at least to enjoy the luxury of silence. Many things occurred to her during that time.

It would be incorrect to imagine that because Lydia was not in love with her second husband, either at the time of their marriage or subsequently, therefore she had necessarily been unhappy. During the first period of their married life her feelings towards him were those of passive gratitude. Of late the gratitude had somehow faded away, its disappearance dating from the time when Lawrence Kite taught her that it was merely a privilege for a dull elderly man to lavish his money on a charming wife.

Regarded in the light of a necessary arrangement for financing her social operations, Mr. Brunt was admittedly invaluable. Beyond this he was simply a cipher in her eyes; elderly people, she considered, were apt to be tedious, and all that could be expected of them was not to interfere actively with one's enjoyment. It is surprising how well a married couple can get on with a very modest amount of affection, always supposing that neither party is cursed with a jealous disposition. In this case, the man's perfect trust and the woman's absolute indifference prevented either of them from indulging in disquieting suspicions.

"That's a fine place we were at to-day," remarked Mr. Brunt at dinner that evening. "Not that I care for those great buildings myself," he continued. "They always remind me of goals or lunatic asylums, and I catch myself calculating how many inmates they will accommodate."

"Wade Park is generally admired, I believe," answered Lydia, more for the sake of saying something than because she really took any interest in the subject.

Mr. Brunt laughed genially.

"Whether it's admired or not, I know I was glad enough to get away this afternoon! I can tell you I was getting precious tired of sauntering after the crowd of fine folks all day, with nothing to do but to smile and smirk. Of course it's different for you, being to the manner born, as one might say. But I am too old to turn into a fine gentleman, and not old enough to become an idle one. So that's how it is." A deep sigh from his wife here attracted his attention. "Are you tired, or did the railway journey give you a headache?" he inquired tenderly.

"Oh, yes, I am tired—tired to death!" burst out Lydia, in accent of such utter weariness that he was quite startled.

"Is anything the matter?" he began anxiously.

"Nothing! I am tired and nervous, that's all. I think I will go to the boudoir and lie down. No, don't let me interrupt you. I would far rather go alone." So waving aside her husband, she rose languidly and left the dining-room.

Mr. Brunt followed admiringly with his eyes the graceful woman, whose dazzling fairness was so well set off by the pale green folds of her richly-embroidered teagown. When the door closed behind her, he deliberately finished his dinner, thinking the while of his manifest unworthiness to possess such a superfine piece of perfection. Then an hour later, having smoked his evening pipe, he went to the boudoir, and found his wife sobbing her heart out over some faded photographs and a shabby silver locket.

Mr. Brunt's astonishment knew no bounds. He had been married long enough to have reasonable grounds for believing that he had fathomed his wife's character, and up to this point it had struck him as the very reverse of emotional.

"Are you ill?" he hazarded timidly. He was not an imaginative man, and could conceive no cause for those quivering lips and long-drawn sobs, except physical pain. Receiving no answer he came a little nearer, and kneeling down by his wife's chair, tried with awkward kindness to comfort her. Quite unconsciously she shrank away from his touch. Deeply hurt, he hurriedly rose to his feet and stood with his back against the mantelpiece, in an attitude of uncompromising severity.

The silence was only broken by Lydia's hysterical sobs.

After a few moments Mr. Brunt felt that the situation was becoming intolerable.

"Shall I ring for your maid?" he said stiffly.

"No, no! I must speak first. Only give me a little time."

Lydia raised her head, glanced wildly round the room, and let it fall again between her hands. The silence was, if anything, more oppressive than before.

That lonely evening had decided Mrs. Brunt's fate. Sitting in her richly-furnished boudoir, surrounded by every luxury that extravagance could suggest or unlimited wealth procure, the thought of her mother had suddenly come home to her with overpowering intensity. She could picture vividly the sufferings of the proud, reversed woman, now abandoned in her age and weakness to the grudging care of strangers.

And then came a rush of long forgotten memories, how in the days of grinding poverty her mother had toiled and struggled to support them all; denying herself sometimes even to the verge of starvation rather than that they should want. "Oh, how could I be so wicked?" groaned Lydia, as she recalled the weary, loving face that hung over her children's deathbeds, and comforted her in those sad days of broken-hearted bereavement.

In the first revulsion of feeling after the callousness of years, Mrs. Brunt completely forgot the fresh ties by which she was bound. For a time she lived completely in the past, wildly kissing and sobbing over the tiny relics that had so long been neglected, out of sight. An overpowering desire to be united to her mother, and to possess again some beloved object on which to lavish her pent-up affections, took complete possession of her mind.

The appearance of Mr. Brunt suddenly dispelled this dream, and the actual conditions of her present life again became obvious. She was indebted to this man for everything; the rich clothes and luxurious surroundings, which had all become so much part of herself that she could scarcely fancy existence without them.

What she had given him in exchange was not so apparent. Not love, certainly; that was tacitly understood not to be included in the bargain. But he had not been treated well in more tangible ways.

When Lydia remembered the deference she had exacted on the grounds of her innate social superiority, no wonder that she hesitated to speak out and shatter the fiction, in virtue of which she reigned supreme. How Mr. Brunt would receive her confession she could not imagine. It was true that he had repeatedly expressed his intense distaste for the forms and ceremonies of polite society; but, on the other hand, she had just as often heard him assert his intention of getting his money's worth out of life. His marriage with the daughter of a seamstress, at present dependent on Lady Olivia's charity, could scarcely be held to fulfil these conditions.

"I must tell you at once, or I shan't dare do it!" she cried despairingly. "No, don't tempt me to put it off any longer. I am not ill really, and to-morrow I may have become wicked again."

"You are not at all yourself this evening, that is quite clear," interposed Mr. Brunt, fairly alarmed by his wife's violent excitement. "You had better rest now, and we can talk another time, if you have anything to tell me."

"Ah! you say that; but wait till you have heard all. I am not such a delicate creature as you take me for!" Lydia broke into a hysterical laugh. Then checking herself, she went on speaking very hurriedly, as if dreading that her resolution would fail. "You have been living under a great mistake, though I don't think it was my fault at first. My girlhood was spent quite differently to what you fancy, in poverty and work—hard work. Do you know what my husband was?"

"No; some sort of business. But surely it is a matter of no importance now."

"Percy Morgan was a clerk on thirty shillings a week when I married him. In our best days we kept one servant-girl. Nobody who knew me now could believe how I worked."

Having once broken the ice, Lydia appeared to take a sort of curious pleasure in dwelling on these painful details.

"There was no rest for me from morning till night," she went on; "but I was happy, working for Percy and the children. The darlings! all gone, all lost to me now! Here they are, my little ones. That is their hair mixed with my mother's, the gold and the gray. I never would part with that locket even when times were at their hardest," and Lydia, shaken with hysterical sobs, thrust the poor tawdry ornament and faded photographs into her husband's hands. She was long past noticing the absurd incongruity of her appeal.

"But you have not heard the worst yet," she continued. "How can I tell you? My mother is not living as you think—as I partly thought. She is still working, is poorer far than you can imagine. I might have known she would be too proud to use our money whilst I deserted her. Ah, can you ever forgive me for deceiving you so? That poor work woman at Wade Park was my mother."

"That poor woman was your mother!" ejaculated Mr. Brunt, in a voice of thunder. It was far worse than Lydia anticipated. She cowered back in her chair, half fearing that he would kill her in his outbreak of rage. "That poor woman was your mother!" he reiterated; "and yet you left her."

A long pause, broken only by the man's heavy footstep, as he paced up and down the room. Presently he stopped in front of his wife, and making a great effort, spoke calmly but with absolute decision:

"On one condition only I will forgive you. The first thing to-morrow you go with me to Wade, and we bring away your mother."

"To Wade! Oh, how can I go myself?" interrupted Lydia. "How can I face Lady Olivia and—and the rest?"

"It will not be pleasant," said Mr. Brunt, simply; "but what is that compared with the wrong we have inflicted?"

"We? That I have inflicted, you mean."

Mr. Brunt looked at the crushed little figure before him long and earnestly.

"If in this matter you feel as I do, there will no longer be any division between us. We shall devote ourselves to one object. If not, we had better part at once."

Lydia was still sobbing piteously, but during the last few moments a gleam of light had shone through the gloom. For, far away in the dim future, after climbing mountains of misery and wading through depths of humiliation, she foresaw the possibility of a happier life than she had ever dreamt of, with a husband whose love she was just beginning to return.

[THE END.]

COURTSHIP IN CHINA.—In China love-making follows marriage, and lasts only about three days after the ceremony. There is no "spooning" previous to marriage.

A previous acquaintanceship between the male and female prevents them from marriage. For this reason a man seldom weds a girl of his own town. They are likewise prevented from marrying kins or namesakes.

Jonsses are never allowed to marry Jonsess nor Smiths to marry Smiths. Old women instead are the belles of society. The highest recommendation a man can have is in the fact of his having a wife. A bachelor is likened to a counterfeit coin; he is looked upon with suspicion even by members of his own household.

A girl is never considered anything else in her father's house than an honored guest. She is neither responsible for the family's debts nor enjoys a share in its fortunes, as in the case of the sons.

Daughters depend upon their husbands for fame and fortune, while sons depend upon the parents and themselves.

Scientific and Useful.

ENVELOPE.—A document envelope that works like a telescope, adjusting itself to one paper or to 50, is said to be a recent invention.

PHONOMETER.—A well-known optician has devised a "phonometer," or chronograph, for enabling a person to measure distances by observing the time between the report and flash of a gun.

LUNG PRESERVER.—A novel lung preserver, specially for workers in tobacco and snuff factories, has just been brought out by a German firm. The air is inhaled through a moist sponge, and given out again through an automatic valve.

CYCLING WATCH.—A proposed novelty is a cycling watch with a good-sized dial fixed to the handle bar. The rider is thus enabled to regulate his pace without constantly dragging out his own timepiece from the depth of his breast pocket.

STOCKINGS.—The manufacture of stockings and gloves of paper has been started. The articles are light and very cheap. The fabric is made of paper yarn, spun like other yarn, and then woven in the same way as other cloth, a soft nap being given to it in the process.

IMITATION OF GOLD.—A new imitation of gold is made of 94 parts of copper and six of antimony, with a little magnesium and and carbonate of lime added while it is melted. It is said that it preserves its color, is an almost exact imitation of gold, and that it costs only a shilling a pound to make it.

FIRE RADIATOR.—A firm in London, England, have placed on the market an electric fire radiator, consisting of a wrought iron basket filled with fire clay balls, which partly hide a colored incandescent lamp. The illusion afforded by this arrangement is that of a glowing coal fire in an open grate.

COMPRESSED AIR.—In the Jeddo Tunnel in Pennsylvania the drilling was done by means of compressed air, conveyed some 10,000 feet through a 7¾ inch pipe with very little loss. We think that compressed air is now being used for a greater variety of purposes, perhaps, than any other motive power.

Farm and Garden.

CIDER.—In an address to the Grand Jury at Hereford, England, Mr. Justice Grantham said that the county of Herefordshire owed its immunity from physical disorder and crime very largely to the fact that it was a great cider-drinking county.

TREES.—A writer truly says that tree planters must avail themselves of the helps of time such as horticultural reading and the experience of others; they must take the time to not only experiment, but look up the conditions of success and of failure in their respective neighborhoods.

PASTURE.—Do not turn the stock on the pasture too soon. Give the grass an opportunity to get a start and make growth. The feet of the animals do damage, and sheep graze very close to the ground. The pasture will be all the more serviceable by allowing the grass an opportunity to grow.

MIXED FOOD.—Mixed food always gives better results than a single diet. Corn is the staple food for nearly all classes of stock, but corn is deficient in lime, and is not suitable for growing stock unless fed in connection with some other kinds of foods. Mixed food affords a variety, and is consequently more highly relished.

SOIL.—Analysis of the soil positively determines the fact that there is an impregnation of tannin about the roots of the oak; an acid, resinous matter about laurel roots; that the poppy exudes a substance from its rootlets similar to opium. Just so will plants growing in water soon make that water turbid and partaking of their principles.

SPRAYING.—Decide on the spraying devices that you will need. If home-made ones, now is the time to put them in order, and have them well tested, to make sure that they will work all right when the time comes to use them. Procure pumps and nozzles and sulphate of copper, and whatever appliances or materials may be needed. There is not much time to waste now.

WHEN THE MUCOUS SURFACES of the Bronchia are sore and inflamed, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant will afford prompt relief. For breaking up a Cold or subduing a Cough, you will find in it a certain remedy.

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Of Success.

It is not in mortals to command success; nor it is often in them to deserve it. The form of expression "in them" we use advisedly, because success in life and its enterprises depends almost inevitably and directly upon what there is in a man rather than upon what he attempts and accomplishes or what he desires.

Success is important to every one, and is the object of most earnest and all ambitious workers. A few minutes' gossip on the subject can scarcely be without some good results. If the reader will settle this in his mind, we will promise him that he shall not rise from a calm and thoughtful perusal of these columns without being better informed as to the causes of success and failure, and, if he will only put in practice what we preach, more likely to succeed than he is before he reads what we have to say on the subject. The promise is a broad and great one to make; but we make it in all sincerity and confidence.

The differences in point of success are very marked among individuals, families, nations and races. This alone should point to its nature and cause. The bounty for which men crave at the footstool of a mythical Goddess of Fortune, and which even sensible thinkers regard as a specially bestowed blessing, is, so far as man and his will are concerned, a matter of simple and necessary fact, over which the most precise reign of law presides, and admitting of a calculation of probabilities as exact and definitive as that which may be made of the course of a planet or the progress of a storm. The first fact that strikes the attention of those who think of the matter is the strange way in which "success seems to run in families." It does run in families, and must from its very nature do so. That may be assumed as a fact. The practical task is to determine why it is not the characteristic of all, or of some one in respect of whom we are especially interested.

Success is a necessary result of combined wisdom and earnestness, a clear and quick judgment, and an ever ready and skilful power of making the most of passing opportunities in the best way. Some persons are too slow in "making up" their minds, others are not quick or clear-sighted, others again are dreamy or preoccupied with some idea, and do not recognize and accordingly cannot seize upon the good things that drift by them and seem to entreat these star-gazers to take advantage of them.

It very seldom happens that the man who is carried away with a great notion succeeds. He is so absorbed by the interest he feels in it that he cannot perceive the importance of the details which go to make up the sum of success. He looks over the path, not at it, and stumbles or falls into some quagmire, like the boy who chases Will-o'-the-wisp. It is not so much that the object is unworthy of pursuit as that he is not pursuing it right, and with that regard to method, time, speed and purpose without which he is more likely to fail than to succeed.

Every man who intends to build a house should first sit down and calculate whether he has enough to finish; and he who intends to take a city should ascertain whether, with the powers at his command—that is, in his own control or keeping—he can successfully encounter the powers which will oppose him. All success in life is of the nature of a conquest. "What one man secures for himself he has wrested from some one else. This is the worldly-wise view of the matter; and it is because the maxim is generally-received that there is so much failure in the world.

The little successes in life may be made by the cunning which outwits a competitor; but the true and enduring prizes are won only by independence doing its own work well, and leaving others to do theirs as they may and can, or, if need be and opportunity offer, helping them. This is no mere sentimental and philanthropic view of conduct, but a simple statement of "the best policy."

Every man should busy himself with the prudent and earnest discharge of his own duties, and never try to circumvent or get the better of his neighbors. There is, as we have said, a certain sort of success to be gained by clever persons in the course we condemn; but it is not a satisfactory or lasting success, and it will not bear the fruit hereafter which those who sow and plant wisely may hope to enjoy.

The aim should be self, not the work in hand. Think more of the way of doing a thing than of the object to be obtained. Many a great failure would be a priceless success, many a defeat a victory, if we looked at the matter in this light. The success we seek must be in us, part of ourselves—in a word, our own natures and characters. If these are successes, our efforts and enterprises will be so likewise. This is the lesson we want to teach; and, if it is learnt, the reader will have no cause to regret that he has spent a few minutes over our gossiping of "success."

MALADIES which cannot be "cured" are the opprobria of medicine as an art. It should not however be hastily assumed that cases which cannot be cured must therefore be regarded as beyond the hope of recovery. There is a wondrous power of self-cure in the organism, and many a sufferer condemned by the "faculty" has been reprieved by Nature. It is desirable that this should be borne in mind—first, because hope is itself a great specific, and nothing so greatly tends to destroy the natural chances of recovery as depression produced by an adverse prognosis; second, it is a most irrational position to take up that any malady is incurable.

BE careful with regard to what you say, while in conversation with those you love. Idle words have done much mischief, and may still do more. Harmless as they seem, and innocently as they may be uttered, their effects are often baneful in the extreme. By the utterance of a single word, near and dear friends have been estranged for ever; nations that have always been at peace, and on terms of the most friendly intercourse, are thus set at open variance; and through their influence, the harmony before existing between families and neighborhoods has been broken, and friendship with them exists no longer.

IT is only where the imagination is suffered to drift aimlessly and idly that it is unsubstantial or impractical. Vague conceptions that float in the mind, never taking any permanent form in life or in conduct, are useless; and the idleness of dreamy reverie, like every other form of idleness, is enervating to both mind and body. But a strong and vivid imagination, trained into efficient exercise by intelligence and will, is the basis of all excellence, the source of all human sympathy, the corner-stone of all progress.

HOW bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men boldly in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence towards God or man. There is no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation undischarged, this fills the heart with satisfaction, and the soul with strength.

THREE things to love—courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit. Three things to pray for—faith, peace and purity of heart.

WE cannot entirely control the external environments that press upon us, neither can we entirely alter our own peculiar characteristics; yet we may largely modify both. To be conscious of our needs is half way towards supplying them; and it would be a most valuable acquisition to each one of us could we discover for ourselves the sources of our own successes and failures.

TO discern well we must have as much purity and comprehensiveness in our heart as in our head. Between heaven and earth there is a great mirror of crystal, into which a new and hidden world throws its immense images; but only an unpolluted, child-like eye perceives those images; a gross animal eye does not even see the mirror.

IGNORANCE is not an entity to fight against, but a want to be supplied, a vacuum to be filled. Let us hasten to supply it in whatever way our means permit. To diffuse knowledge is better than to attack error, and one truth disseminated is more effective than a hundred blows at false conclusions.

PEOPLE with morose tempers and sour faces need not wonder that they make so few friends. Even little boys who wish to catch flies, know better than to take vinegar for the purpose—they use treacle.

EVERY man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all for him to bear; but they are so because they are the very ones he needs.

TEACH a child what he will understand in the simplest and not in the hardest words—in the words which sink deepest into his soul and lay most hold upon his heart.

FEELINGS come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

IT is not enough in this world to "mean well." We ought to do well. Thoughtfulness therefore becomes a duty, and gratitude one of the graces.

CENSURE is most effectual when mixed with praise. So, when a fault is discovered, it is well to look up a virtue to bear it company.

To be both acceptable and agreeable in society, it behooves one neither to see nor to remember a great many things.

THE wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the world him who is most wealthy.

NO one will succeed in great things unless he first succeed in small things.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO.—**A lady always takes the gentleman's left arm.**

S J.—**We cannot understand your letter** or what it is you want to know; we can only gather from it that your general behavior is extremely unladylike. **You would do well to employ your time in some other way than** parading the streets with young men.

ROSY.—**The great wonders of the United States are the Yosemite Valley; Niagara Falls;** Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, Virginia; Mammoth Cave, Kentucky; New York and Brooklyn Bridge; Washington, D. C., and the Statue of Liberty, Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor.

DOT.—**Mexico has no emperor. In 1863** a French army invaded the country and occupied the capital. Under the patronage of Napoleon III., Maximilian, of Austria, was Emperor of Mexico from 1864 until 1867, when he was shot, and the Republic was again proclaimed.

SCIENTIA.—**The vitality of the snail is** remarkable; one that had been glued to a card in the British Museum for four years came to life upon being immersed in warm water. Some specimens in the collection of a naturalist revived after they had apparently been dead for fifteen years.

PUZZLED.—**The Barbary States are in** the north of Africa, on the Mediterranean Sea. Their names are Morocco, Algiers, Tripoli and Barca. They are inhabited by Moors, Arabs, and Negroes. France has long had possession of Algiers, which now contains a large French population in additional to the original inhabitants.

L. C.—**The opal has not always been considered** an unlucky stone. It was considered by the ancients to exercise the combined virtues of the amethyst, ruby, and emerald, but after Sir Walter Scott introduced it into his novel of Anne of Geierstein, its favor greatly declined, and hence the prevailing prejudice against it.

C. L. G.—**Gold was, in all probability,** one of the earliest discovered of the metals, as unmistakable proofs have been found showing it was used by the Hebrews, the Egyptians, and other ancient nations for much the same purpose as it is at the present day. The name of its original discoverer has not been handed down to posterity.

C. A. S.—According to the old chronicles, Richard I. received the title of "Lion-hearted" because he plucked out a lion's heart, to which beast he was exposed by the Duke of Austria for having slain his son. Of course this is merely a fanciful origin of the name, as it was in all probability given him because of his valorous deeds performed in the *Holy* Land during the Crusades.

LEICESTER.—**The line you ask about is** from Shakespeare's play, "As You Like It." It is an utterance of the exiled Duke in the Forest of Arden, and the entire quotation runs thus:

"And this one life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

ERINNE.—**"Hibernian," as applied to a** native of Ireland, is not slang at all. Hibernia was the Latin name of Ireland, by which it is still called, occasionally, in poetry. And the term Hibernian—meaning, as an adjective, pertaining to the Irish or Ireland, and as a noun, a native of Ireland—is derived from the Latin Hibernia. A Hibernianism is an idiom or mode of speech peculiar to the Irish. In the same way we speak of a Spanish idiom as a Hispanicism, because Spain was called Hispania by the Latins.

D. C. H.—**A reivor was a border warrior** of the olden time, when the people living on the adjoining borders of England and Scotland were engaged in almost constant warfare. Some of the chiefs of the Scotch reivers became noted for their prowess and daring. After the union of Scotland and England the reivers degenerated into mere freebooters, who robbed promiscuously on both sides of the border. Willie of Westburnflat (so called from the place of his residence, his real name being William Armstrong) was one of the last noted freebooters. He flourished at the beginning of the last century.

R. N. J.—**The origin of the phrase "A** little bird told me," is traced to Ecclesiastes x. 20, which reads:—"A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." In the old Basque legends a little bird is introduced which tell the truth. The sisters had deceived the king by assuring him that his first child was a cat, his second a dog, and his third a bear; but the little bird told him the truth—the first two were daughters and the third a son. Many writers of antiquity have used the little truth-telling bird in their tales; modern writers, among them Byron, have also introduced it in their writings.

V. C. L.—**To clean ostrich feathers cut** some white curd soap in small pieces, pour boiling water on them, and add a little pearlash. When the soap is quite dissolved, and the mixture cool enough for the hand to bear, plunge the feathers into it, and draw them through the hand until the dirt appears squeezed out of them; then pass them through a clean lather with some bluing in it, and then rinse in cold water with bluing to give them a good color. Beat them against the hand to shake off the water, and dry them by shaking them near a fire. When perfectly dry, curl each fibre separately with blunt knife or ivory paper-folder.

DAWN.

BY L. M. W.

Low sobbing waves upon a shadowed shore,
Within the mead a scent of sleeping flowers,
A waning moon behind the hill-top towers,
And darkness darker than it was before.

Dim light that trembles o'er the sombre sea,
Pale sky that flushes suddenly to rose,
Then golden bright the sun his glory shows—
And lo! a bird is singing from the lea.

Captain Hartop.

BY L. IRWELL.

I WAS sitting in the smoking-room of the Lord Warden hotel, at Dover, waiting for the train to take me to London. My companion was Captain Hartop, of the 32nd Lancers, the regiment of which I was the colonel. We were returning from a two weeks' holiday at Monte Carlo, which we had found very pleasant after our hard work during the Soudan campaign. At the best of times I am a restless mortal; I never read anything, except the daily papers, and such books on military tactics as the War Office considers necessary for the enlightenment of commanding officers.

"This is a beastly hole, Hartop," said I, as I walked up and down the room. "In summer it might be bearable, but in November, and after the delightful climate of the sunny south, it's positively unendurable. I suppose it will be worse in London, but as the regiment is at Hounslow, we must go to that dirty suburb, whether we like it or not. I say, old man, can't you say something to a fellow when he feels blue? Do you know of nothing that will take my attention from this infernal weather? You are as silent as a gravestone and you look about as dismal. Is anything the matter?"

The captain blew a cloud of smoke towards me, then, placing his cigar on the table, he replied:

"Colonel, I'm thinking. I confess it's a somewhat unusual operation for me, and it may surprise you to hear that I ever trouble my brain with work of any kind. But it's not that sort of thinking I am doing; I'm simply calling to my recollection the event that occurred when I was last in this town. You say it's a beastly hole; I quite agree with you, and I have some reason for doing so, although my aversion to it is simply on account of an unfortunate incident that happened to me here."

"A love affair, I suppose," I interrupted somewhat peevishly, for I was not in the humor to listen to that kind of tale, and my friend's countenance was gloomy enough to suggest that some story of misplaced affection was about to be unfolded. "I do remember that when you joined us you exchanged from the 40th Highlanders, a regiment that had been stationed here for nearly three years, and I have heard it said that your reason for exchanging was unknown to anybody, a sort of mystery, in fact."

"Now, Colonel Carruthers," began the captain, in a very serious tone, "I have known you for some few years and I rely upon your honor as a gentleman not to repeat the story I am about to tell you without my permission." I readily gave the desired promise. Let me add that the story is so amusing that I have at last persuaded my friend to allow it to appear in print, upon the understanding that I give whatever remuneration the generous editor of this magazine may send me to Hartop's favorite society—the newly founded organization for the suppression of advertising in rural places.

"You have had experience," he continued, "and you know how these things happen. I really think it will do me good to tell you the story. I must begin at the beginning, when the 40th had just been removed from Canterbury here. I was feeling a bit down in my luck in consequence of having left a very pretty and attractive girl behind in the cathedral city. I had seen her almost every day during the summer, and had made up my mind to ask her to marry me as soon as I obtained my captaincy—you will remember that I was only a subaltern when I exchanged. Heavens! how every detail comes back; I can see the girl now—tall, fair, blue eyes, and that beautiful complexion, pink and white, that all Englishmen admire so much. I'll tell you her name, colonel—Maud Hughlings. After being here a week, I realized what a fool I had been not to have settled matters one way or the other before leaving, and I wondered whether the curate whom I had seen continually at her father's house was going to cut me out. I need not tell you that I longed to strangle him."

At this point the narrater stopped to take a puff at his cigar, and I, quite unconsciously, commenced to whistle "The girl I left behind me."

"Colonel, if you were not my superior officer, I should call you a brute," half-shouted the captain with a blush. "As it is, I can only continue my story. Of course, every officer in the regiment chaffed me most unmercifully, and at times I was more than pleased to get away from them. We had not been here over a month when a brother lieutenant, Payten, told me that there was to be a bal masque for the benefit of the hospital, and he wanted me to go with him and his captain, Granby. The ball, he said, was to take place at the end of the following week, and we had plenty of time to get our costumes. I told him that I did not care to go to a ball at which I should not know a single person, and begged to be excused. 'You've taken it to heart this time,' answered Payten. 'I had no idea that the Canterbury girl had made such a deep impression. This time last year you were not satisfied with less than three balls every week during the winter.'

"As we talked we walked along together. It was a beautiful day and the white chalk cliffs, with the sun shining on them, seemed to make the fortifications look less hideous than they usually do. I had been moping around myself for some days, and I felt that I was getting quite sick of being alone. On second thoughts, I decided to go to the ball; there is always something interesting about a masked ball, and if I did go it would stop the incessant chaffing that I was receiving from all my brother-officers. 'I suppose I shall be bored to death, Payten, but I must take my chances as to that.' Payten, with his usual irritating way, slapped me on the back: 'You've mourned long enough, old man. As Shelley, or some other poet, says, "when we're far from the lips that we love, we've but to make love to the lips that are near."'

"As we strolled towards the mess-room, we met Captain Granby, who could talk of nothing but the ball and of his numerous friends who were coming from London to attend it. Within a few days these friends arrived. As Granby was unmarried, they were, of course, all of the sterner sex, and I was a good deal surprised to find that one of them, who accompanied his elder brother, was a boy of not more than eighteen summers. What on earth could have induced Granby to ask a schoolboy to come all that way to spend a few days with men at least ten years his senior? The lad's name was George Radstock, and as a mimic, I think he was the most remarkable person I have come across. He kept the dinner table in roars of laughter with his stories—some of them true, others manufactured for the occasion. He certainly possessed the most wonderful control over his voice and eyes—and very fine eyes they were. In fact, he was a very pretty boy—not a hair on his face, and an abundant crop on his head. But, like most precocious youths, he was very conceited, as was shown by his absurd remark that the stage (he intended to adorn that profession) was a much nobler life than the army.

"Young Radstock's brother, Claud, was a very different specimen of humanity, being a middle aged and grey-haired attache of the British Embassy at Paris. He was home for a few weeks' vacation, and, although evidently well-informed, seldom opened his mouth. I think he strongly disapproved of his brother's excessive exuberance of spirits, but he said nothing about it. Granby's other visitors were three typical army men, who need no description; they were pleasant gentlemen of the aristocratic class, not overburdened with brains.

"Excuse the apparent digression, colonel; it was really unavoidable. I assure you I am making the story as short as possible.

"The evening of the ball arrived in due course. By that time my spirits had wonderfully revived. I had ceased to think continually of my inamorata, and I don't ever remember feeling more cheerful. It was the reaction, I suppose; but one's feelings are not easily accounted for.

"When we reached the Town Hall, in which the dance was being held, I found that it was quite easy to obtain an introduction, and I soon began to enjoy myself immensely. There was a freedom about the affair that is not always present at London gatherings, and the ladies seemed to be most attractive. I had danced several times and the ball was in full swing, when I noticed a girl sitting alone in a corner, partially hidden by a curtain. Something about her attracted me as soon as I looked at her eyes, which, of course, were the only feature that showed through the mask. For a moment I thought that I had seen those eyes before, but after consideration, I concluded that I must be mistaken. After looking at her as long as I could without actual rudeness, I summoned sufficient courage to go and ask her why she was not dancing. She answered in that low, deep voice, which so few women have, that she preferred to look on. From that moment all other girls faded into insignificance; I felt convinced from her voice that she must be very charming."

Here my companion paused, rang the bell, ordered a couple of brandies and soda—a drink I detest—and, without waiting for their arrival, continued. "Colonel, I have often heard you make fun of the idea of love at first sight; do not do it any more—it's the only love that is lasting." After taking a long drink, speaking very slowly and dreamily, my friend said, "I can't tell you all that we said to each other, and I am afraid that you are being bored as it is, but, after a time, she suggested a walk in the garden at the back of the hall. The night was as beautiful as any night in September can be, and I was thoroughly pleased when we found a quiet nook where we could carry on our conversation to the accompaniment of the distant music and the low murmur of the sea. If a man has one spark of poetry in his soul, such a scene as that, and such a companion, must bring it out."

Here Hartop apologised for this sentimental outburst, and assured me that I should realize the truth of his remarks myself some day. I ought to say that I am a confirmed old bachelor, and that some of the boys in the regiment insist that, having been jilted in early life, I am now a woman-hater.

"You should have heard her talk. She seemed to have more brains than any girl I had ever met before, and her knowledge of nature—particularly birds, of which I am passionately fond—appeared to me quite remarkable. But we had not been sitting in the garden very long before Payten passed with a lady on his arm. He seemed to cast envious glances at me, and I thought my companion not iced them. At any rate she said, 'That is one of your friends, is it not? I think he wants you; had we not better go back to the ball-room?' I assured her that he was my friend, not my keeper, that he was evidently well employed, and that he could not possibly have anything of importance to say to me. I insisted that nothing would induce me to return to the ball room, and that I wished that we could remain where we were for ever. She did not raise any serious objection to remaining for the present, and we continued our conversation. She told me a great deal about the place and the people, and her eyes looked so lovely all the time that I became more and more infatuated. She was the daughter of a retired naval officer, who lived at Dover, partly because it was a cheap place to live in, partly on account of its being in England, and yet very near to Paris—a city that had great attractions for him.

"At this juncture in our talk my fair companion suddenly informed me that she had left her fan in the dancing hall, and she asked me to go and look for it at the place where she was sitting when I first saw her. I thought that this was a trick to get rid of me, and I strongly objected to going, but she was obdurate, and I was compelled to obey her. To my surprise and joy I found the fan very quickly, and was hurrying back again when I met Payten, who stopped, and commenced in a whisper: 'Hartop, old boy, do exercise a little sense; you evidently don't know anything about the widow with whom you are having such a desperate flirtation. She's engaged to the most irascible French count you ever heard of. For goodness sake be careful.'

"At this moment Granby appeared upon the scene. Walking up to me he said in an undertone, 'May I advise you, as a friend, to pay less attention to the fair widow, unless you want a duel and the very devil of a row with a fiery Frenchman?'

"I didn't care one little fig for duels, for I was fascinated and utterly reckless. In language more forcible than polite I told both of my friends to mind their own business. I then hastened back to the garden and found, to my intense relief, that my divinity had not deserted me. A widow was she—that might, perhaps, explain the sad expression which her eyes at times wore; still, she was, according to my friend's account, going to be married a second time. She seemed to brighten up as I gave her the fan, and she thanked me for it, oh! so sweetly; but the wearied look returned to her eyes almost as soon as she ceased speaking.

"I did my utmost to resume our frivolous talk, but the attempt was a failure, and at last I asked her the cause of her sadness. At first she ignored my questions, then changed the subject to some every-day topic, but after a time I succeeded in drawing from her the story of her life.

"She was a widow, as Granby had said, and was living with her father, as she had previously told me herself. When only seventeen her father had compelled her to marry old Sir Thomas Gascoine, who was old enough to be her grandfather, was crippled with the gout, and was burdened with a temper that made most people afraid to go near him. He had treated her like a brute, and when, after four years of married life, he was removed to another world, he managed to vent his spleen on his pretty widow by leaving his entire property in the hands of a single trustee—a man as brutal as himself—and to this person, a French count, he willed his whole estate, if the young widow did not act in accordance with the executor's wishes. A more infamous will it would be impossible to conceive.

"'I haven't a penny of my own,' she said, in that beautiful deep voice I have already referred to, 'and the count incessantly worries me to marry him. So dendish'—she used that word—'are his intentions that he has actually threatened not to give me a single shilling of my late husband's income unless I become his wife within the present year. I consulted my father, as any woman naturally would under the circumstances, particularly when she has no mother; but he's not a sympathetic man, and his advice was, "Marry the count; he has the best champagne in France at this chateau, and he plays vingt-en-un better than any man I ever knew. I will come and live with you." I then,' she continued, 'unknown to anybody, took a trip to London, having previously made an appointment by letter with Mr. George Lewis, the eminent solicitor. I showed him the copy of Sir Thomas' will, which the count had given me. Mr. Lewis was most kind; but, after reading the document carefully for a few minutes, he assured me that I could not dispute the count's authority. If I did not act as he wished in any matter, trivial or important, he was at liberty to cease providing me even with the means of existence. I intend to marry him next month,' she concluded bitterly.

"I was positively thunderstruck at this announcement; the very idea of marrying a man she loathed seemed inexplicable to me, and I told her so.

"'What am I to do?' she asked. 'I am absolutely at his mercy, and he can deprive me of everything at any moment.'

"Colonel, I am a man and a soldier, and I'm hanged if I could stand it any longer. I seized her hand and kissed it, and vowed that she should never marry the beast—that I would save her, whatever the risks might be.

"She quietly drew her hand away, shaking her head mournfully.

"'I must bear my burden myself; some people are born under an unlucky star,' she murmured. 'But there is always one way out of one's troubles,' she added, in an undertone, as she glanced at the dancing waves.

"The thought of that charming girl being driven to suicide made me desperate. I would marry her myself and laugh at the future. I told her that I did not care two straws what happened before or after, if she would only consent to be my wife.

"She shook her head, and, turning her eyes full upon me, said, 'And what about Maud Hughlings?'

"I must admit that this question disconcerted me not a little. How could she know about my Canterbury flirtation? Oh, Payten and Granby had been gossiping so much that the story was all over the town. She kept her gaze fixed upon me and I was compelled to say something. As a rule I am by no means poetical, as you know, but that night I was so much in love that I had become sentimental. The Canterbury girl was nothing to me now; after all my affection for her was only a passing fancy.

"'You must know,' I said, 'that any man would drop a meadow daisy, pretty as they are, if he had the luck to find a rare and beautiful orchid.'

"This little speech, fascinating as it was intended to be, seemed to displease her considerably, as she drew her hand away from mine. An instant afterwards she

exclaimed, 'I hear his footsteps; he must not see us together. Good-bye, forget me and my troubles.' 'Never,' I answered. 'I cannot and will not allow you to go like this. I must meet you again. Remember that as yet I have not even seen your face. Shall you be on the parade to-morrow?' 'No, no; please let me go,' was all she would say. After many entreaties, however, she finally consented to meet me at the back of the fort—a place seldom visited—at half-past eleven the following morning. She then hurried away and I saw her join an elderly foreign-looking man, in plain evening dress and without a mask. He might have been handsome once, but the signs of dissipation were now plainly marked; his face was red and slightly bloated, and I thought his expression was simply villainous. I am sure you can imagine my feelings, although you hate women. I seemed to know by instinct that she was going away with this man, without my getting a glance at her face. At any cost I must save her from that Frenchman. A thousand wild and impossible schemes passed through my brain, and while this mental process was going on, Payten came up to me and asked if I was ready to go home. Of course I was; the ball had ceased to have any attraction for me. I was astonished, however, that Payten had any intention of leaving before one o'clock, the hour at which everybody—both ladies and men—were to remove their masks. His explanation was that he had a headache and was feeling generally out of sorts.

"Upon my arrival at the barracks, I put on a smoking suit and sat down in my favorite arm-chair. I was anxious to concoct some plan for saving the fair widow from marrying the villainous-looking Frenchman, and was so thoroughly infatuated that I was determined to succeed whatever might be the consequences. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, much to my annoyance, Payten appeared in my room; he proceeded to light his pipe and to make himself as much at home as if the apartment belonged to him. He explained that his headache had been caused by the heated ball-room and that a dose of bromo-caffein had entirely cured it. It was evident that I should not be able to get rid of him for at least a couple of hours. He informed me, to my disappointment, that Granby was coming to smoke a pipe with me as soon as he got back from the ball. At first he talked about the most ordinary subjects, and then began, quite suddenly: 'I say, George, who introduced you to Lady Gascoine? I always understood that Count Bavaroire never introduced her to anybody, and always fumed with rage if he saw her so much as speak to any other man. People say that she is very much in love with him, and I must confess that, until to-night, I never saw them apart.'

"This speech caused me to lose my temper, and jumping to my feet, I almost shouted, 'Understand, Payten, this unfortunate lady is, by the terms of her late husband's will, entirely under the control and at the mercy of this man. She loathes him as much as it is possible for any good, pure minded and noble girl to detest a dissipated, selfish fiend in human form; it is my intention to save her from such a horrible fate as a marriage with this brutal Frenchman.' By this speech I had intended to convey an intimation that I wanted to drop the subject, but I was angry and had not realized that it would not have the desired effect.

"As soon as I ceased speaking, Payten began to laugh, and at the same moment Granby bounced into the room in a breathless condition. Addressing me, he said, 'The beautiful widow is coming to see you to-night to warn you that her blood-thirsty lover intends to challenge you to a duel to-morrow, and to shoot you down, like a dog, if you refuse to fight; she will be here in a few minutes.'

"I interrupted the speaker at this point, as I was in no humor for any childish jokes. 'I do wish, Granby,' I said, 'you would stop this silly nonsense; it's really annoying to me.' 'I assure you, Hartop,' he answered, 'that I am telling you the truth. Lady Gascoine came up to me as I was leaving the hall, much to my surprise, as I was never introduced to her, and in a timed, excited manner, half whispered, 'I believe you are a friend of Mr. Hartop's; please excuse my asking you to take a message to him. I believe he has gone. Although it may seem a most imprudent proceeding, I must see him to-night, and I intend to drive to his quarters on my way home. I suppose my doing this will be the talk of the town to-morrow, but I have ceased to care what people say about me, and I must warn your friend of the danger he is in. Of course you must have heard of the Count Bavaroire and of his penchant for duels. Well, he's furious because he saw me talking to Mr. Hartop, and he threatens to challenge him to a duel with pistols to-morrow. If Mr. Hartop does not agree to this, the count vows that he will shoot him on sight. I must persuade him to go away from here until the count's anger subsides. The impropriety of my calling upon a bachelor at this late hour might be lessened if you, after giving my message, would kindly stay with Mr. Hartop until my interview with him is over.' These last words were hardly out of Granby's mouth before I heard the frou frou sound which we English call the 'rustling' of a dress. Before my visitor had time to knock, Granby had risen from his seat and had opened the door. The lady, to my surprise, still wore a mask, and neither bowed nor spoke until she was close to my side. She then addressed me in a far sterner tone than I had considered her capable of commanding. 'Do you still prefer the rare orchid to the meadow daisy?' she asked. I was about to seize her hand and press it to my lips, when she drew back and, bursting into a peal of laughter that rang through the still air—it was almost daylight!—pulled off the domino, mask and wig and stood revealed—the boy, George Radstock!

"For a moment I was positively stricken dumb. Then I made a dash at that very clever youth. Had I had the chance, I believe I should have murdered him on the spot. But both Granby and Payten held me until he had left the room. For month's I literally thirsted for his blood, and I should 'go for him' even now if I happened to meet him. Since that humiliating scene, however, I had never set eyes upon him."

Here I collapsed into roars of laughter; the story had interested and amused me. When I had sufficiently recovered to speak, I asked my companion if he had seen, or heard, anything of Miss Maud Hughlings, who appeared to have entirely dropped out of the story.

"She married the curate. Colonel, you are my commanding officer, but you are an unsympathetic beast, all the same; you've no regard for my feelings, or you wouldn't laugh at my misfortune like that. Remember that I rely upon your promise never to relate this unfortunate incident in my career to a living soul, without my express permission."

In a Rat Trap.

BY J. C.

UNLESS men become soldiers or adventurers in other lands, they oftentimes cannot obtain the excitement of even disturbed slumbers.

Should burglars attack the house, it is as well to remember that the periodical bought on the previous day's railway journey contains a coupon guaranteeing loss up to one thousand pounds, say; so that it is better to let them 'burgle' on at their sweet will, rather than interrupt, and be shot or knocked on the head. Ferocious dogs are as a rule fastened up, and bulls not commonly left loose in the fields. Every now and then, however, it is possible by fire or water to secure an unusual sensation.

The following narrative will show that exceptional advantages in this respect—outside these two elements—often fall to the lot of the most peaceful of men.

Having inherited an old Border castle on the banks of the Esk, I feel it a duty at times to occupy it. An old woman acted as custodian; and crumbling walls, rats, damp, and wind, to say nothing of an hereditary ghost, did not render it a pleasant home.

In the last century, this ghost had obligingly held four conferences with the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, minister of Forganwick.

The minister's exhortations, however—which are yet on record in a dingy duodecimo—were thrown away upon the wayward phantom; and on the minister's departure, he soon returned to his cantrips.

Fortunately, the old woman was deaf, so that he knocked inside the walls and rolled up and down stairs as noisily as he liked without disturbing her.

I had been wont for some years to inhabit Touldenny Castle for a month each autumn, as I could then obtain a little grouse shooting and trout-fishing on the neighboring moorland.

Some thirty years ago I was at the castle as usual in a stormy October. The floods were out, and tempests night by night shook even the solid walls of the castle. There was a library of old-fashioned lore in the tower, and by means of curtains and a good fire, I made myself tolerably comfortable.

Maggie, however, grumbled more than usual about the rats, and they certainly were both numerous and obtrusive.

At length she announced her intention of leaving the castle for a night, in order to be present at the wedding festivities of a niece in the neighbouring village. It struck me that while she was absent, I would strike a decided blow at the rats.

The uppermost story of the tower was used as a store-room, and I was not surprised at old Maggie's complaints when I found four or five holes in the floor near the walls, and evident traces that, night by night, rats held high revelry there upon my meal and cheeses.

I remembered the raids which the men connected with the slaughter-houses at Paris once made upon rats, after baiting the rooms for a few nights with horse flesh and leaving the vermin to devour them in peace.

Their victims were numbered by thousands; and it occurred to me that on a smaller scale I, too, might get rid of a considerable number of these pests.

Accordingly, for a couple of nights before Maggie left, I put plates of sugar, biscuits, and honey on the floor of the store-room, finding next morning that these had been much appreciated by the rats.

On the day of my projected battue I placed five tin boxes cunningly by the side of the holes, connecting them with string to my down-stairs library, so that when I liked to pull the string the boxes would fall over the holes and leave the rats behind.

I took care to put out more and more dainty cates that day than usual; and as I heard the rats in the evening running behind the wainscot, chuckled over the example so speedily to be made of these marauders.

Maggie went off at three on a dull dark afternoon. She left a cold dinner in the dining-room; and after discussing it I went up to the library and smoked till about 11 P. M., when I laid aside my book, and prepared for revenge. Arming myself with a handy flexible cane, I lit a bedroom candle and pulled the important string.

Judging from the commotion overhead, a good many rats were imprisoned. What a sight presented itself as I opened the store room door and quickly closed it behind me! The floor was black with rats, tumbling and leaping over each other in dire terror.

I began at once to lay about me with the cane, and wherever it fell at least one victim suffered. Then I turned and hit behind me, the rats fleeing in abject fear. I thought of the stories of rats attacking men when they were driven into a corner, and decided now that they were gross exaggerations.

At that moment my candlestick slipped out of my hand and fell with a rattle on the floor, leaving me in utter darkness. In an instant a rat sprang at my throat, and as I seized and dashed it on the ground, several more leaped at my face, and more ran to my ankles and climbed up within and without my trousers, inflicting sharp bites when they found an opportunity.

In vain did I shout and dash them off, trample on them, and lay about me with the cane. More came, till I began to be seriously alarmed, and thought of Bishop Hatto's fate. Had I fallen they would have eaten me alive.

I fumbled for the door, and at length turned the handle. Fool that I was, I had forgotten, when I closed it behind me, that it fastened with an old-fashioned spring, having perhaps been used at times as a prison.

There was no possible exit; and I was bitten severely round my neck and face as I tried to kick the door out.

The brutes had lost all fear of man in the dark, and I shuddered at the thought of my bones being found in that awful den.

Something must be done, and that speedily. There was a large aperture in the outer wall six feet from the floor. An iron stanchion ran through it, dividing the aperture in two. Outside was a curious iron cradle, something like the 'crow's nest' on the mainmast of a modern whaler, and here watch and ward used to be kept in the troublous days of old, or a captive was put in it, as the Countess of Buchan was displayed from the walls of Berwick. A ladder led to it from the floor, but it lay broken and rotting on the ground.

I was impelled, however, with the horror of the situation; and while half-a-dozen rats at least hung on each leg, I swept off as many more from my neck and face, and leaping up, seized the stanchion.

Despair lent strength, and I pulled myself up by putting my feet on the rough stones of the wall, dislodged some half-rotten boards, and felt the cold night air blow on my heated, bleeding face. Next I threw all the rats that were hanging to my legs far out into the dark void below. The river Esk I knew ran beneath, and there was little fear of any of them surviving the fall. Some rats, I found, maddened by the smell and taste of my blood, climbed as I had done up the rough stone walls and positively attacked me again, like so many angry ants.

Wounded, torn, bleeding, and bitten in every limb, I managed to push myself out gently into the iron cradle, and there was comparatively safe. Only two or three rats could reach me, and these I soon dashed down.

The others apparently gave up the chase when I was thus in the cold wind and rain, comparatively out of their reach.

I was safe for the time, but by no means comfortable. I leaned against thick iron bars which were dripping with wet and exceedingly cold. The wind was gathering to a hurricane, and I had no covering of any kind.

It must be about midnight, I calculated, and morn would not break before seven at the earliest.

Buttoning up my coat, I made up my mind to face any inclemency of weather, rather than descend to the murderous den I had so narrowly quitted alive. The rats would depart at dawn by making two or three fresh holes, and I could break down the door, get to bed, and foment my wounds.

In a very short time I was stiff and shivering with cold. Shower after shower drifted over; the wind flew in squalls, and roared round the tower. Moon and stars were alike obscured; but a dull, heavy roar came up from below. I knew it was the Esk far down in full flood.

There was nothing for it but to wait on as patiently as I could. Feeling my watch's face, I guessed it was about half-past three.

Soon a dreadful fear stole over me, one that even silenced the horrors of my escape from the rats. If I moved in my uneasy perch, it appeared loose and rickety.

What if it broke down altogether with my weight in it? It certainly had held no one, save some bold tourist for a hundred and fifty years, so that the ironwork and staples might well give way beneath my weight.

I gently rocked myself, and the whole structure showed such alarming symptoms of collapsing, that I lay still in the greatest fear, scarcely daring to sneeze or cough.

If the cage did yield, I should be precipitated six feet down into the raging river. I would have returned to the storeroom and taken my chance of the rats having left; but to alter my position and get back to the big iron stanchion was in itself most perilous.

If I put any undue weight upon a dangerous part, I should infallibly be dropped into the Esk. From its roar and rush far below, I could guess what my fate would be did I fall.

Slowly the hours wore on, as they only do when the mind is in deep stress of anxiety.

Half-famished and blue with cold, I rejoiced to see far away a streak of light upon the horizon. My heart leaped as I recognized the first footsteps of the dawn "clad in amice gray."

Gradually the light broadened, and night grew brown instead of black, and then the gloom dissolved and faded, and a red rim surrounded the distant eye of light. And then the hills grew more distinct, and, joy of joys, the sun rose upon a dripping world!

I could now investigate the crazy iron cradle in which I rested, or rather lay.

It had originally been attached by two iron bands to the central stanchion, and by two huge irons, some four feet under the aperture, to the wall.

The iron bands had long been rusted through, and the whole weight of the structure now rested on one of the iron pins which penetrated the joint of the masonry, and looked most insecure.

My getting into it had evidently caused the other pin to slip out, so that the infirm structure and I rested—so long as I did not move—on the one weak-looking pin.

I saw at once that a movement might cause it to slip sideways, when I should be precipitated out at once; or else to snap off, when I should be carried downwards in its ruin.

There was a further danger, that my very remaining in it might cause it gradually to become detached from the one pin

which alone held it together. Here was a dreadful discovery!

My head was below the level of the aperture; and to raise my arms, shift my position, and attempt to grasp the stanchion, was perilous in the extreme. It was firm enough, I saw. Could I once clutch it, I felt assured that I could pull myself up and reach the interior of the store room.

Two more mortal hours did I wait in hopes that some one would come, and I could call for help; but Maggie would not be back till evening, and no public road ran near the tower. It overlooked a wide stretch of moorland.

I was now so benumbed, too, that I felt what steps were to be taken would have to be chosen at once. I dared not stand up on the crazy 'crow's nest.' Change of posture might immediately cause its fall.

Having carefully studied the situation, I determined to wait no longer, but to take off my braces—which were fortunately made of stout buckskin—and throw them round the stanchion. I could then venture to stand up, and, holding by them, could pass hand above hand to the stanchion, when despair, I felt, would give me strength to pull myself up.

Accordingly, I began my attempts to throw the braces round the stanchion: ten or twelve times they fell back on me, and then a new terror seized me, lest they should slip out of my hands altogether, in which case certain death would stare me in the face. At that moment a voice reached my ears from below, and I saw my keeper passing under with the gardener.

"Save us!" he said, "is yon the maister like a bird in a cage? He'll surely be doon in a meenute mair. Hold on, maister," he shouted. "I'll come up! Hold on!"

Just then a large piece of mortar gave way below me, and fell clattering down the wall into the river with a splash. I saw that a moment's delay might mean death, so, rising slowly to my feet, I flung the braces once more round the stanchion and grasped the ends, when, with a dull crack, all the iron cradle gave way under me and fell with a horrid crash into the Esk.

I remained hanging three or four inches below the stanchion; but fortunately retained my senses, and gripping the braces in my teeth with the strength of despair, pulled myself up inch by inch, and seized the stanchion with my right hand; then I dropped the braces, and with a great effort reached up with the left and gripped it convulsively with both, still hanging, but so far safe.

Not an instant dared I linger, as I felt my strength going every moment, but dragged myself higher and higher till I got hold of the masonry within with one hand, and clung a second to gain breath.

Now came the worst part of the struggle; I had to bring the left hand from the stanchion to the wall and pull myself on to my chest in the window. I did get the hand on the stone, but could not, even for dear life, get farther.

My eyes closed, my head swam, a mist came over me, and I all but dropped in a faint. But just then I heard the steps of the keeper coming, ah! how leisurely, upstairs!

"Quick, quick, Malcolm, for your life!" I shouted in a last effort of vitality. "Come and get hold of me! Quick! Haste! Help!"

Again I all but fell: but now the door opened, and Malcolm rushing in, clasped both my wrists, I was safe! I was in a dead-faint, and Malcolm would never have pulled me up by himself. With the help of the gardener, who now hurried in, I was dragged into the room more dead than alive, and lay senseless on the floor till a glass of whisky, the national panacea for all evils, was brought.

Even then, I was stiff, bleeding, torn, wet through, and generally miserable. They helped me to bed, however, and I slept.

Of course, thinks the reader, you had a bad brain-fever afterwards. Certainly not. At least your hair turned white with the agony of that night?

Nothing of the kind. I was bathed and fomented, and rested for a couple of days in bed, and then, thanks to a sound constitution, was able to leave for England.

Much, however, as I value the old tower of Touldenny Castle, I see it too often, am devoured by its rats, aye, and hang from it, too frequently in my dreams, to care ever again to behold its walls, gray, stern, and weather beaten, against the heathery hills and far blue mountains of Eskdale.

Hig: "My views on bringing up a family—" Shig: "Never mind your views. You bring up the family. You go and bring up the coal."

The Eton Boy.

BY J. C.

SO long as boys are permitted to go about loose, one is liable to meet with them, and I met with a specimen only last week, which I shall not easily forget.

I was starting from the Waterloo Station, London, by an afternoon train for Hampshire, and meeting with four military friends who were going to Farnboro' Station (for Aldershot), I got into their carriage. Besides us five, there was an Eton Boy. There is no mistaking that description of the race; they are always dressed in the height of fashion in the vacations, although at school they delight in a hat with half its brim off, and, moreover, they all wear stiff little white ties, which give them the appearance of duodecimo ministers of some juvenile religious sect. The little wretches are as haughty and reserved as Indians; and the individual of fourteen years of age or so, whom we had on this occasion for our fellow-traveler, looked as though the entire railway station, plant, and valuable house property adjacent belonged entirely to himself. My soldier-friends, however, (a class which has generally a proper contempt for boys,) paid no sort of attention to him, and as for me, I was delighted to to ignore his presence.

"Now, Jack," said my friends, two of whom were my college chums, and all of them intimates, "you will let us smoke, we know, although not fond of it yourself."

"Well," replied I, "it will probably make me ill; but, otherwise, I have no objection."

As soon as the train began to move, they accordingly lit their cigars; they had not, however, taken three puffs before the child in the white cravat (whose wishes nobody had thought of consulting), requested in that half-hoarse, half-squeaking voice peculiar to his period of life, that they should put their cigars out, because smoking was offensive to him, and contrary to the by-laws.

The officers stared as though the carriage-lamp had uttered an observation, and then all four burst out into a roar of laughter.

"You will find it no laughing matter, gentlemen, when you get to Farnboro'," said the Etonian; "or, at all events, the joke will cost you two pounds a-piece. You have been warned, as the Act directs: I object to your smoking in this carriage."

"Then get into another, you little brute," observed Pepperpot of the 110th; "indeed I have a great mind to drop you out of the window as we go along."

"I will thank you for your name and address," returned the phenomenon, stiffly; "here is my card at your service. Be so good as to name your friend.

"Smith of London," replied Pepperpot; "only give me time to write to my wife and family. What a bloodthirsty young creature it is!"

"He is very plucky," remarked Norman of the kilts, approvingly, "I will say that for him; but what cheek! what cheek!"

"I am obliged to you for your good opinion," returned the little wonder, drawing out a gold repeater; "but it within one minute your cigars are not all extinguished, I will appear against you as surely I am a living man. My time is of no consequence, and I would as soon get out at Farnboro' as anywhere else; so you may be sure you will not escape me. I feel it my duty to prosecute upon public grounds."

Once more did Pepperpot glance at the window, and even stretched his hand towards this human gadfly, as though he would have nipped him up between finger and thumb; but with a rueful look at his companions, he presently cast his beloved weed out of the carriage, instead of the boy. The other three followed his example; for was it worth while to pay forty shillings a-piece for a forty minutes' ride?

"That's right," observed the young gentleman approvingly, returning his watch to his pocket, and re-engaging himself in the columns of Bell's Life, "obedience to the law is one of the first duties of the soldier."

Conversation flagged after this, for a sense of disgraceful defeat oppressed the spirits of my friends, they said a great number of severe things against the common enemy; but he never lifted his eyes from the exciting details of the Champion match of the Light Weights, which appeared to afford him intense, though treacherous satisfaction. When the soldiers got out at Farnboro', I observed his eyes twinkle with especial merriment; but I could not be certain that he was enjoying his victory until the train began to move again. No sooner, however, had we left the platform, than the Etonian burst into such a series of fits of laughter that they actually rumpled his neckcloth. He became, in short, to my horror, a boy in one of its most ordinary and repulsive forms.

"I think I did 'em, eh, old stick-in-the-mud?" observed he, when he had a little breath.

"You deprived four gentlemen of an hour's pleasure," returned I, haughtily.

"Yes, but I deprived myself as well," returned the diminutive one, producing from his pocket a briar-root pipe. "I can't go without my tobacco myself without great inconvenience."

"What!" cried I: "you are not going to smoke yourself, you young monkey"——

"Ain't I, though?" interrupted the Etonian, nodding in an offensively familiar manner. "If those fellows had been civil, and asked my permission to smoke as well as yours, I would have given them each a better cigar than the Line are accustomed to, I flatter myself; but since they chose to carry matters with a high hand, you see—puff, puff—and got hold of the wrong man for that sort of thing—puff, puff—why, they have to take the consequences."

"But I will not permit you to smoke, young sir," observed I, indignantly; "or if you do (for I shrank from a personal contest with that audacious child), you shall pay a couple of sovereigns out of your pocket money at the next station."

"Excuse me," returned the Etonian, blandly; "the bye-law says, if object—I to; now when your friends inquired whether you would allow them to smoke, Jack (smoke-jack—by-the bye, that's funny)—when your friends—puff, puff—demanded that, you replied—for I heard you—that you had no objection."

And that awful specimen of the genus Boy smoked undeterred, like a lime kiln, until we both got out at Weymouth; where, if I had had my way, he should have been taken off to Portland prison, and kept there until such time as he should be no longer a Boy.

"SILENCE, PLEASE!"—Few people know even approximately the cost of laying the road with the "tan" that is sometimes resorted to, when the friends of an invalid desire to deaden the noise of street-traffic. On inquiry the other day, we were told that the price (of course, it varies largely according to the width of road and depth of tan required) is seldom less than $100, but this includes labor and carriage.

Says an informant whose wife has recently recovered from a severe illness:—"I should like to place on record one or two curious results of our trying this plan of getting silence. Although I am a perfectly unknown and private individual, I found that the cabbies who approached the neighborhood never drove through the street if they could help it; they almost invariably went a little out of their way to avoid noise. Very considerate, isn't it? I am told it is a common custom with the cabmen. Milkmen and other tradesmen seldom gave their street-calls, and the dustmen, strange to say, were especially careful not to make more noise than was absolutely necessary. I think it would be hard to find better examples of the 'true gentleman.'

"Furthermore, I may mention that a minister close by gave strict orders to stop his bells playing their usual chimes when they struck the hours. Although I don't know him at all, he had heard from a mutual acquaintance that the chiming disturbed my wife's repose and endangered her recovery. I shall not easily forget all this kindness."

PRINTING.—The editor of the Paris Figaro asserts that the world is on the eve of a startling revolution in the printing trade. He has been shown a type-setting machine, invented by a Sicilian Dominican, which will compose fifteen letter per hour, a task equal to the labor of thirty-six compositors. The difference in speed, as compared with existing machines, lies in the fact that, instead of each letter being made to fall separately into [illegible] sticks, entire words can be [illegible] instead by the simultaneous application of the fingers of both hands.

There is no article made, [illegible] more important in its scope. [illegible] ever, [illegible] a few cents and [illegible] Printing [illegible] perfectly pure, saves dollars.

At Home and Abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. George Heinzleman died within two hours of each other at Cincinnati, Ohio, on Sunday, one from asthma and the other from grief.

In spite of all that has been said in protest against the unnecessary destruction of timber, a ruthless waste of forests is still going on in the Northwest. Only the largest trees are cut for timber, and in the subsequent clearing process fine trees are burned to get them out of the way. Hundreds of acres are thus wastefully sacrificed.

The town of Hanson, Mass., has put up lots of tramps the past few months, but hopes to put up a smaller number in the months to come. The tramps that do apply will be given a supper, lodging and breakfast, but at 7 o'clock the next morning will be put at work breaking stone and kept at work until 11 o'clock. Any tramp who is able to work and refuses to perform the task will be put before the courts for vagrancy.

There exists a law in Germany which prohibits the christening or registration of infants by any names save those which are in the calendar, or which are taken from ancient history. An American citizen resident in Germany astonished the other day to register the birth of his child by his own Christian name, Frances. He was not only refused a certificate until he consented to change it, but was also subjected to a fine of $1 for having given his child a name not authorized by law.

Whatever romance and poetry were in olden times associated with pilgrimages to places reputed sacred are rapidly being destroyed by the prosaic spirit of this very progressive and matter-of-fact age. Thus those who with pious intentions now visit the Holy Land are transported by rail from Jaffa to Jerusalem when a funicular line conveys them to the summit of the Mount of Olives, while comfortable hotels on the American plan are to be found at Bethlehem and on the site of the Garden of Gethsemane.

At a recent performance at one of the leading theatres a few evenings ago two ladies who lived at a distance, having to catch an early train, were obliged to leave the theatre before the performance was finished. Selecting, as they thought a quiet interval, to leave their seats in the box, and as they were passing out of the stalls, from an actor suddenly appeared on the stage, and, repeating a part of his role, exclaimed: "There they go. Twenty two women I ever loved. One I couldn't have, and the other I couldn't get." The amusement of the audience and the astonishment of the young ladies can be imagined.

Quite a run has been made in the large cities of England on ladies' umbrella handles, they now being in expensive designs. The body of the handle is of steel or gun metal, well polished, with the usual iron at the end. It is the design that marks the elegance of the handle. Some are made in shape with a small flower-spray depending therefrom; others have glittering [illegible] another a [illegible] set on the top, others have an eagle with outspread wings rising from the metal, and so on in variations. Intaglio and design representing a serpent coiling round an olive wand have also the favorites.

A new musical society is in course of formation, the object of which is to sing and play to invalids. Two members of the association received on the benevolent object of music on sufferers. The invalids will not enter the room of the invalid unless it is absolutely necessary, preferring to perform unseen by the patient. Music and songs according to the [illegible] from all [illegible] and in all [illegible], [illegible] devoted sort of spiritual medicine and those new musical appeal to the long experience of a world-[illegible]. They intend to [illegible] [illegible] grades and to enter the [illegible] of [illegible] and poor. If the [illegible] [illegible] and with the approbation of the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Our Young Folks.

AUNT SUSAN'S CHICKENS.

FOR the third time in the first week of his holidays Boy was in disgrace. It was the day of the village sports at Beesley, and the last had gone forth that Boy was to remain at home as a punishment. It all came about in this way:

When Boy came to present himself for Aunt Susan's inspection in all the glory of his best suit and cleanest collar, just before starting for the sports, her eyes detected a button off his jacket. Nothing would satisfy her but that the jacket must come off and be handed over to her repairs. She held the garment upside-down while sewing it, and out of the pocket rolled six peach-stones.

At sight of these, Boy's face grew red, and consternation was depicted upon it, while Aunt Susan's grew dark and severe. She slowly collected the tell-tale stones and counted them. Then, looking at Boy over her gold-rimmed spectacles, she pronounced his sentence.

"James William," she said sternly, "you have been robbing my orchard. You cannot, of course, accompany me this afternoon. Go to your room, and repent in tears of your fault."

"Please, Aunt Susan——" began Boy pitcously; but Aunt Susan shook her head severely, and bade him be silent. So Boy slunk miserably away, and took off the suit he had donned with so much pleasure an hour ago and laid it tearfully aside. He flung himself upon the floor at first, in the agony of his disappointment.

But by-and-by, when he heard the big key turned in the front door, and soon after the sound of retreating wheels, he rose, and dried his hot, tear-stained cheeks on the towel; then, pushing his tiny window as wide open as it would allow, he crept through it and out on to the roof of the porch.

By the help of the strong ivy tendrils, he managed to scramble down into the yard below. He would have liked to go into the meadows, and try to forget his disappointment in a game with the young calves. But Boy's sense of honor would not permit him to do this when he was considered to be in disgrace and in solitary confinement.

So he went across the yard, and climbing the ladder into the hay-loft, he flung himself down upon a heap of clover-scented hay. Ah! it was very hard to be cooped up here all this hot afternoon, when he might have been enjoying himself with all the rest of the world on Beesley Green.

It was such a simple little matter which had brought all this trouble upon him, after all. It was Ben's fault—big, careless, good-natured Cousin Ben, who would have cut off his little finger rather than bring disgrace upon his innocent little cousin. Crossing the orchard that morning on his way to business, Ben had helped himself to half-a-dozen fine peaches. Hardly had he eaten them, when he suddenly recollected that his mother was cherishing the fruit on this particular tree in order to send it to the coming fruit show.

"Oh, I say, Boy," he remarked, seized with panic, "I've eaten six of mother's prize peaches. I shall be in a fix! But I'll tell you what you take the stones and chuck them into the duck-pond as you go back, there's a good little chap. There'll be a terrific row if mother finds them here, and I'll make it all square with her afterwards if she misses the peaches."

So saying, Ben had slipped the stones into Boy's pocket and gone off. Boy had forgotten all about the stones until he saw them fall out of the pocket of his jacket. This was the consequence—that he was left at home all by himself, while Ben, the real culprit, was, no doubt, enjoying himself with everyone else.

Boy sighed dismally as he pictured the delights of the shooting-gallery and the stall where he had meant to regale himself with ginger-pop and candy. He kicked the hay about with his heels, and, propping his head on his hands, he rested his elbows on the narrow window-ledge. Suddenly, as he lay thus, idly musing, the quietness of the yard below was broken by a tremendous cackling and fluttering in the fowl-house. The hens screeched, the cocks raised their voices in angry protest, accompanied by violent flapping of wings.

What could be the matter? Boy craned his neck and squinted sideways through the slit of a window, until he contrived to bring the hen-house within view. At first he could distinguish nothing more than a cloud of dust and flying feathers, and terrified fowls rushing wildly about. Presently, however, the cause of the commotion was explained. Standing in the midst of the excited fowls was a man holding a huge sack in his hands. Into this sack he was cramming, as fast as he could secure them, one unhappy fowl after another.

From the interior of the sack many muffled hen-voices already blended with the squeals of their mates yet to be captured.

Stealing Aunt Susan's chickens—the fine black Spanishards and speckled Dorkings of which she was so proud! This was far worse than robbing the orchard, thought Boy. Something must be done, and speedily, before the thief had time to make off with his spoil. It was useless to give an alarm, for every man, woman, and child was, as Boy knew, far away from the farm, witnessing the rustics' antics on Beesley Green.

Boy sat and thought for a minute, with puckered forehead, and soon an idea began to shape itself in his mind. When the idea was fully formed, Boy came down from the loft, and sauntered across the yard in the direction of the hen-house.

He stood with his hands in his pockets and his face pressed against the wire netting for some moments before the man observed him. He did so at last, and gave a guilty little start.

"Hello, sonny!" he remarked, in a would-be-careless tone; "what are you doin' loafin' round here, eh?"

"Nothing," returned Boy stolidly.

The man looked sharply at him, and Boy's face assumed an expression of wooden indifference. When the sack would hold no more, the thief came out, and closed the door of the hen-house after him. He flung his palpitating burden on the ground, and Boy watched him idly.

"Say, youngster," said the man, shooting a cunning glance at Boy out of his black eyes; "anyone t'come?"

He jerked his thumb in the direction of the house, and Boy shook his head indifferently.

"No one, 'cept me."

The shabby-looking man took a step nearer, and seized Boy by the arm.

"See here, youngster," he said insinuatingly, looking keenly into Boy's blank face; "is there a chink, now, where you might crawl in somehow, and open that window there from inside, and let me in? There's a small particle I left in there the other day, and I may as well get it, seeing as how I shan't be round this way again yet awhile."

Boy permitted a gleam of intelligence to cross his expressionless face.

"What'll you give me?" he said, knowingly.

The man took out sixpence, and balanced it temptingly on the point of his thumb. Boy nodded and held out his hand. The man looked sharply at him, and dropped the coin into his palm. Going towards the porch, Boy swung himself up by the ivy on to the roof, and crawled in at the window of his own room. He ran lightly downstairs, and unbarring the parlor window, admitted the evil-looking stranger. The man gave one keen look round the room, then laid his hand on Boy's shoulder, and said gruffly:

"Now then, look sharp, young'un, and show me where the lady keeps her valyables."

Boy appeared to think for a second, and then answered frankly:

"In the oaken press upstairs."

"Come on," said the man; and still grasping Boy's shoulder, they went up the narrow crooked staircase together, Boy leading the way obediently. A little tremor of fear shot through Boy's heart at the grasp of that iron hand. What if at the last moment his ruse should fail? Where would he be then, in the clutches of this unscrupulous ruffian? Arrived upstairs, Boy unlocked the door of the best bedroom and admitted the strange guest. The room was almost dark, and Boy groped his way across it, and opened the door of a huge roomy cupboard at one end of it.

"Look in there," he said guilelessly;—"if you want grandmother's old teapot, and diamond hairpin, and the golden spoons and the mustard-pot, look on the top shelf."

The man came forward and peered doubtfully into the black yawning cavern thus exposed to view.

"It's very dark," he muttered surlily; but the bait was too tempting to be resisted, and he stepped into the darkness, feeling with his hands for the shelf where the treasure lay.

Boy's heart beat rapidly, but his courage did not waver. Quickly and silently he pushed to the door behind the unsuspecting robber, and turned the key in the lock.

When Aunt Susan and Ben returned, Boy met them at the gate and told his story. Whereupon Ben took an enormous stick and went upstairs; but if his arm was strong, his heart was kind: so the unfortunate wretch got off with nothing worse than a warning to quit the neighborhood.

Boy, needless to say, was made the hero of the hour, and presented by Aunt Susan—who had heard from Ben the story of the peach-stones—with the humming-top for which he had longed for many a long day.

THE NEW ÆSOP'S FABLES.

The Lion and the Mouse.—A lion was awakened from sleep by a mouse running over his face. This aroused his choler, and for some time he tried to make himself a mousetrap, but it wasn't easy to catch that mouse. At last he succeeded, and held him between his paws, but after a short pause the mouse managed to slip away again. "You can go this time," said the lion, "but don't come fooling round here again. Shortly afterwards the lion was caught by some hunters, who bound him by strong ropes to the ground, and the mouse, hearing him roar, came up. "Hollo," said the mouse, "here's a lark!" and he commenced trotting over that lion's face, first in one eye, then in the other, then he tickled his ear, went up his nose, and had such a gay old time of it generally that the lion went mad with rage.

Moral.—When you catch a mouse—kill it!

The Father and His Sons.—A father had a family of sons who were always quarreling. One day he told them to bring him a bundle of sticks, and with that charming simplicity so common to the ancients, they obeyed his commands, when he thrashed them so soundly that he broke all the sticks on their backs.

Moral.—When your father sends you for a stick, don't omit to place several copies of the "Post" under your waistcoat.

The Ass and the Wolf.—An ass feeding in a meadow saw a wolf approaching to seize him, and immediately pretended to be lame. "What's the matter?" said the wolf. "Sprained my ankle at the ball last night," replied the ass. "Let me look at it," said the wolf, in a medical tone of voice. "Just what I want," murmured the ass; "I'll kick his confounded head off!" He lifted his foot, the wolf grabbled him by the fetlock, the ass kicked as hard as he could, but the wolf hung on, and at last the ass fell down and the wolf made a good meal of him.

Moral.—Don't make lame excuses.

The Ethiop.—The purchaser of a black servant was persuaded that the color of the slave's skin arose from dirt. He placed him in a bath and scrubbed him for a fortnight with all the soaps in the market, but all to no purpose. The darky took cold and dyed—the same color.

Moral.—Advertisements are not always gospel.

The Fox and the Crow.—A crow having stolen a piece of meat flew to a tree to enjoy the labors of honesty. A fox passing that way saw the crow, and thought he would like to have a share, so, taking a back seat under the tree, he commenced soft-soaping the crow, telling her how fair she was, and what a pity it was she could not sing. "Can't I?" said the crow, opening her mouth, when down dropped the meat into the fox's gullet. The fox, with a rather discourteous remark on the crow's wit, bolted the meat and then bolted away, laughing. All at once the fox felt ill: he threw a somersault, kicked out behind, ran after his tail in an extraordinary manner, plunged back, leaped, foamed at the mouth, laid down, and died. The crow crowed over him and thought she was well out of it, as phosphorus isn't always good for witty people.

Moral.—Don't open your mouth too wide, nor bolt your food.

MAX O'RELL, in one of his recent lectures, made what is termed an apt criticism of American life. He says Americans do not know how to enjoy life. "The French shopkeeper," remarks the well-known author, "locks his door for two hours while he dines with his family. The American hangs out a card, 'Back in five minutes,' and the result is that the whole country is disfigured by advertisements of liver pills."

The chief dependence of those liable to sudden colds is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Twelve average tea plants produce one pound of tea.

A single salmon produces something like 20,000,000 eggs.

"Split" is a term used in England for a half pint bottle.

On July 6 the earth is farther away from the sun than at any other time.

There are thirteen thousand different kinds of postage stamps in the world.

Fifteen per cent. of those engaged in war are injured on the field of battle.

One-third of the crime committed in London is perpetrated on Saturday nights.

The most novel suggestion for an exhibition is to have one devoted to literature.

There is not now a ship in the British Navy without a temperance society on board.

It is seriously contemplated to mount a portion of the French gendarmerie on cycles.

At the present rate of increase, the population of the earth will double itself in 200 years.

The 250,000 Indians of the United States hold 90,000,000 acres of land, exclusive of Alaska.

A person wounded must die within a year and a day to make the person inflicting the wound guilty of murder.

Marriages were proportionately fewer during the last decade in England and Wales than ever before, it is claimed.

The library of Gottingen has a Bible written on palm-leaves. There are 5,378 pages, each made of a single leaf.

A sample order of 20,000 tons of coal has come from Mexico to the coal operators of the Fairmount, W. Va., region.

Mice are said to have been the cause of several faults in the supply system of the London Electric Supply Company.

The coldest place in the world is Yakutsk, in Russia, where the mercury sometimes drops to 73 degrees below zero.

Chicago policemen are being instructed in the use of appliances for the immediate aid of persons who meet with sudden sickness.

No songs are to be sung or offered for sale in the Paris streets other than those which bear the stamp of the Ministry of the Interior.

Constantinople has fifty newspapers. Nineteen of them are daily, five semi-weekly, fifteen weekly, three semi-monthly, and eight monthly.

Swallows fly low before rain, because the insects they pursue have then come nearer to the ground in order to escape the moisture of the upper air.

Among the public-houses in London there are no fewer than sixty-four "King's Arms," eighty-three "Crowns," and forty-seven "White Harts."

The electric boat is to be the wonder of the future. The Americans have produced a smart one; it travels at the rate of nearly twenty miles an hour.

Cases of infection have been frequently traced to cats that have been allowed to spend hours in a sick room and go to another house where they have been petted.

The most valuable clock in the world is one made by the hands of Louis XIV. of France. It is now owned by a member of the Rothschild family, who bought it for $18,000.

Kaiser Wilhelm is the only one of the three emperors who reads the newspapers for himself. The Czar and the Emperor of Austria have a private journal of cuttings set up for them daily.

Caycayo, a West Indian island, is inhabited exclusively by turtles, some of which grow to an enormous size. Attempts to establish human habitations on the island have always failed.

San Antonio, Tex., Councils have passed an ordinance which prohibits physicians from charging more than $1 a visit. It was passed at the solicitation of the leading physicians of the city.

Camels are now being extensively used in Western Australia, and large numbers of them are being shipped to that colony. One vessel recently landed 400 camels at Fremantle, and another ship brought 153 dromedaries.

Texas is a big and still a roomy State. Of its nearly 250 counties, 26 have fewer than 100 inhabitants, 37 others have fewer than 1,000 and only 81 have over 10,000. The number having as few as 5,000 is large, and having as many as 20,000 is extremely small.

The oldest inhabited dwelling house in the United States is said to be that of Kalian Van Rensselaer, opposite Albany, N. Y. According to a plate recently set up in the rear of the house by the Albany Memorial Society it was erected in the year 1642. The front walls still show the two portholes through which the early inhabitants used to shoot Indians.

You can't make a new arm with Salvation Oil, but you can cure the bruises with it. 25c.

RECALLED.

BY F. M. H.

Dark leaden sky with walls of cloud,
A cheerless tract of brier and heather;
An angry gust of wind, and loud,
Frightening the fickle leaves together;

A gleam, a sudden patch of light,
No bigger than a hand, or feather;
A flood of sunshine, golden bright,
The wind all still, and glorious weather.

Despondent once, a heart grew sad,
And it would fain have ceased endeavor,
Had not a friendly smile made glad,
Reclaiming it, God grant, forever.

QUEER, QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

It was Archimedes who made the first contributions to mechanics as a science. The world owes to him the lever and the screw, and it was he who discovered that a body immersed in a fluid loses as much of its weight as is equal to the fluid it displaces—a principle which has much to do with the floating leviathans of the deep.

When one thinks of the discoveries and applications of modern times the discoveries of the great Syracusan sink into insignificance. It is unnecessary to refer to the steam engine and its applications—applications which are being multiplied every day. One exception must be made. Nasmyth's steam hammer is an invention of comparatively recent date. It is really something wonderful to behold this mighty hammer come down with gentleness enough to crack a nut or with force enough to forge a huge anchor. By means of this instrument, in the matter of driving piles into the ground the work of twelve hours can be reduced to four, and if large enough it is capable of welding by one stroke into a solid mass whole tons of scrap.

The Strasburg clock has often been described. The original clock was really a wonderful contrivance. It was constructed in 1570. On its plate was a celestial globe with the motions of sun, moon and planets. The phases of the moon were presented, and there was a perpetual almanac, the day of the month being indicated by a statue; every quarter was struck; the first by a child with an apple; the second by a youth with an arrow; the third by a man with the tip of his staff, and the last by an old man with his crutch. The hour was struck by an angel who opened the door and saluted the Virgin Mary. Another angel stood by with an hour glass, which he turned when the hour was struck. On the arrival of each successive hour a golden cock flapped his wings, stretched his neck and crowed twice. The present Strasburg clock, which is a reconstruction of the old, gives one a very imperfect idea of the original, especially in its outward performances.

A clock scarcely less curious was constructed toward the close of the last century by a mechanic of Geneva. It had figures of a negro, a dog and a shepherd. When the clock struck the shepherd played six airs on his flute and the dog approached and fawned upon him. When being exhibited to the King of Spain by Dros, its maker, the King, at his request, took an apple from the shepherd's basket. The dog barked and set the King's dog barking also.

One of the most prominent jewelers and mechanicians of London about the third quarter of the last century was a man of the name of Cox. He had a wonderful collection of clocks and clockwork. One of the wonders of his collection was a cage of singing birds, all of jewelers' work. The plumage of the birds was of stones variously colored. The birds fluttered, warbled and moved their bills to every note as they sung solos, duets and other musical pieces, to the astonishment of the auditors.

A very ingenious clock was constructed by a Frenchman of the name of Bordeau, in the time of Louis XIV. It was made for the King. It represented the King on his throne surrounded by the German electors and by the Italian dukes. The hours were struck by the Kings of Europe. At a certain point of time the Prince of Orange, William III. of England, the King's most relentless foe, was to do homage to the grand monarque. Something, however, went wrong with the machinery, and just as William was about to bow to the King Louis was hurled from his seat and thrown prostrate at William's feet.

In these later years some very wonderful clocks have been constructed; but the useful rather than the curious has been the guiding principle in their construction. London boasts of two very wonderful clocks. The one is on the Royal Exchange, and is said to be the best public clock in the world. The pendulum, which is compensated, weighs nearly four hundredweight. It has what is known as a remontoir escapement, its pallets are jeweled with large sapphires, and it has a chime of fifteen bells, which cost $25,000.

Another famous clock adorns the palace of Westminster. The dials are 22 feet in diameter, the largest in the world with a minute hand. The great wheel is 27 inches in diameter; the pendulum is 15 feet long and weighs 680 pounds; while the escape wheel, which is driven by the musical box spring, weighs about half an ounce. It has seen the end of two great bells.

With the application of the spring to the clock it became apparent that the timepieces could be made portable. Watches were but little known, if known at all, before the sixteenth century. Francis I. gave the master clockmaker of Paris in 1544 the exclusive privilege of making clocks and watches within that city. Henry VIII. seems to have spent much money on watches. Edward VI. had at his palace of Westminster "oone larum or watch 'of iron, the case iron gilt,' with two plummets of lead." Elizabeth was fond of watches, of which she had a large collection. She had "a clock of gold, garnished with dyamondes, rubyes, emeraldes and perles. One armlet or shakeli of gold, all over fairly garnished with rubyes and dyemondes, having on the closing the air of a clocke," was a gift to her in 1571-2 by the Earl of Leicester, master of the horse.

MRS. HASHLY: "You say you haven't put a stove in Mr. Prettiboy's room. How does he keep from freezing?" Mrs. Tartly: "I put a couple of mirrors in his room." Mrs. Hashly: "But they won't compensate him for the lack of a stove." Mrs. Tartly: "They do. He keeps himself warm by constantly walking from one mirror to the other to look at himself."

Grains of Gold.

The sins that shine are the surest to kill.

We pray the most for what we do not need.

Sin always carries a knife under its cloak.

No man does his best who works only for pay.

A fool never learns anything from a mistake.

Health is another word for temperance and exercise.

A self-made man always spoils the job somewhere.

The cheerful giver is always the one who gives much.

What a multitude of ugly sins can hide behind one doubt.

The devil won't let a stingy man have any mercy on himself.

The sheep that goes astray never finds a green pasture for itself.

The birds with the brightest feathers do not sing the sweetest.

That man is a thief who is honest only because he is watched.

We hate our own sins when we see them full grown in somebody else.

There is a policeman called Time, and he says to every lingering son of man: "Move on." We will find no permanent resting place in this life, and to-morrow may find us gone.

Femininities.

In Portugal married women retain their maiden names.

Girls who wear feathers round their necks nowadays are not all chickens.

"I see Jack and Mollie have made it up again. Why was the engagement ever broken?" "They had a quarrel as to which loved the other the most."

"Ef women," said Uncle Eben, "am ez contrary ez some folks 'clah's dey is, de bes' way ter git 'em out of wantin' suffrage am ter tell 'em dey gotter vote."

"Rosalie has adopted an idea that makes all the girls awfully jealous." "What is that?" "Why, she has taken all her engagement rings of last summer, and had them made into a chain for her pug."

"Does your wife talk in her sleep?" asked one married man of another one day when they were comparing notes. "I don't lay awake to find out," replied the heartless husband, "but she talks all the rest of the time, so I rather suppose she does."

They were having a good gossip. "How girls change! My Mamie, when she was little, never would go even into the parlor at night without a light, because, as she put it, there might be a man around. And now," she added significantly, "she won't have a light in it because there is a man there four or five nights a week."

The eldest of three little chaps was sternly reproved by his mother for his bad behavior. "You are the oldest, Cyrus," she said, "and you ought to be an example to Homer and Jack." "Well, I'll be an example to Homer," said Cyrus, "but I won't be an example to both of 'em. Homer's got to be it for Jack."

The promenaders along the avenue de la Garde, Nice, witnessed a somewhat curious spectacle recently. A bicyclist, carrying a baby clothed in white, and followed by nearly fifty persons, men, women and children, all on cycles, wound his way to the Church of Notre Dame, where the ceremony of baptizing the baby was gone through.

It comes somewhat as a shock to learn from London News that the law in Merry England pays no heed to the tradition of the mistletoe bough. A Mr. Chant has been fined 10 shillings for kissing a girl under the mistletoe against her will, although he pleaded in extenuation that "a lot of people had kissed his wife there, and he'd not made a fuss about it."

"I guess we're going to lose another customer," said the milkman to his employer; "the woman that began taking milk of me last month says that she doesn't want any more." "What's the matter? Anything wrong with the milk?" "Yes. She says that it's gritty. If you can't be honest and use a first class quality of chalk, I'm dinged if I don't resign."

There are at Vassar two beautiful vases sent from Japan by a former graduate, who is now the wife of Count Oyama, who led the successful land forces in the capture of Port Arthur. The Countess, although a Japanese, was so thoroughly Americanized by her four years in this country that she spreads an American table and wears Paris gowns.

Little Jack prays every night for all the different members of his family. His father had been away at one time for a short journey, and that night Jack was praying for him, as usual. "Bless papa and take care of him," he was beginning as usual, when suddenly he raised his head and listened. "Never mind about it now, Lord," ended the little fellow, "I hear him down in the hall."

A dog belonging to a French lady was seen recently positively attired in stockings and some brown material several times darker than its natural coat, and to these stockings where attached leather soles in which the pampered spaniel went pattering and clattering the pavement. The stockings came half way up his legs, and were fastened with elastic bands.

It is said that the most costly carpet in the world is in the treasure room of the Maharajah of Baroda, India. The carpet is some 10 feet by 6, and woven from strings of pearl with large central and corner circles of diamonds. It required three years to make it and its cost was $1,000,000. It was the freak of an Indian potentate, Khande Rao, and he intended to send it to Mecca as a present to a Mohammedan lady.

Truly beautiful tableaux vivants were witnessed in Paris recently. Madame Helbig, the sister of Princess Dolgorouki, anxious to aid the suffering children of the poor, arranged a series of pastoral plays. One of these represented a creche; living children announced the birth of Jesus to the shepherds. Then the grotto of Bethlehem was seen, and the arrival of the three kings was specially fine. The costumes were splendid and a large sum of money was realized.

Mrs. Danville, of Duluth, Minn., wishes that Napoleon were alive. The insatiate conqueror, seeing how his wars were depopulating even fecund France, offered immunities to the fathers of large families, and rewards for women bringing future food for powder into the world. Mrs. Danville's ninth set of triplets saw the light recently, and the eldest trio is not yet 12 years old. "Beat this who can," says Mrs. Danville.

Masculinities.

Silver money 260 years old is still in circulation in Spain.

Plants grow faster between four and six A. M. than at any other time during the day.

Forty and 13 were the respective ages of a bridal couple in Christian county, Missouri, recently.

Floors of rubber, claimed to be as durable as asphalt, and cheaper, are being tried in Germany.

"Young Jiggers is not wholly bad." "No, there are several styles of wickedness he has not heard of yet."

A New York woman who sells newspapers on the streets is reputed have made $20,000, out of her calling in the last 20 years.

Although General M. Scott, of Faribault, Minn., is 103 years old, the hair on his head remains the same as was—a bright red.

A couple at Providence, R. I., met for the first time, fell in love, became betrothed and were married inside of an hour recently.

The New York Club, of New York city, celebrated its 50th anniversary recently. There is no other social club in that city of that age.

The Germans call a thimble (which was originally a thumb bell) a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay horse."

Wm. Cox, of Monticello, Ky., ate his New Year's dinner at a table around which sat three of his living wives, two of whom he had divorced.

Strange that man should be given two ears and but one tongue, when, as everybody knows, he would rather talk all day than listen five minutes.

It is only the female mosquito that bites people and animals, and draws blood. The male mosquito is a vegetarian, and is never blood thirsty.

A physician says that the long dress of a fashionable lady gathers up in a single stroll dust and dirt sufficient to kill her, in consequence of the germs in the dirt.

A new German edict enforces a duty on all tavern keepers to institute a medical examination of every customer who applies for drink, and then to see him safely home.

When a hungry lion becomes enamored with the charms of a fat lamb, he begins to regard all other lions as hungry thieves. There is a suggestion in this of the way a man in love feels.

Mr. Shortly, 4 feet 8 inches, to Miss Beauti: "Yes, I am proud to say I am a self made man." Miss Beauti's little brother: "Why didn't you make more of you while you was at it?"

Manager: "I'm afraid your melodrama will not answer." Author: "Would you mind saying in what respect you consider it defective?" Manager. "The incidents are not sufficiently improbable."

"And you rejected him?" "I did." "He has the reputation of being a large-hearted man." "That's the trouble with him; he is too large-hearted. He can love half a dozen women at the same time."

In 1894 Connecticut took out one patent for every 703 of its inhabitants and Massachusetts one for every 1335. These were the most inventive States. South Carolina, with one patent for every 25,581 inhabitants, was least so.

W. A. Clarke, the Montana mine owner, is building a million-dollar palace in New York. His fortune is estimated at from $20,000,000 to $40,000,000. Thirty years ago Mr. Clarke arrived in Montana with a pick on his shoulder.

Wanted: A sign language for dumb waiters; some one for a dog's pants; a pair of handcuffs for procrastination, "the thief of time;" a hand to go with an arm of the sea; a necklace for a neck of land; a pump for a well spring of information.

"You say your husband has a good memory, do you Mrs. Crimsonbeak?" "Oh, excellent," responded the lady addressed. "And how do you know it is so very good?" "Well, I asked him to bring me home a mackerel over a week ago, and he brought it home to-day. Now, a man must have a pretty good memory to remember a little thing like that."

"I hope you like your work, my lad," said a benignant elderly person to a messenger boy, as they waited together to cross a street. "Men who take pride in their work are the men who succeed." "Oh, I'm a record breaker, the manager says." "That's the way for a boy to talk. Tell me how you do better than the other boys." "I can take longer to carry a message than any of them."

What has the letter "J" to do with the accumulation of wealth? The St. Louis Republic says: "The recent death of J. G. Fair has suggested the following compilation of millionaires names which contain the luck bestowing letter: J. D. Rockefeller, J. J. Astor, Jay Gould, John M. Sears, J. S. Morgan, J. P. Morgan, J. B. Haggin, J. W. Garrett, J. G. Fair, John Wanamaker, J. W. Mackay, J. G. Flood, J. M. Constable, John T. Martin and John Arbuckle. Some of the above are rated at less than $10,000,000 and several at from six to ten times that sum."

Latest Fashion Phases.

Nothing seems to affect the popularity of the ever lovely fancy waist. Its economy is doubtless one good reason for this, for with one smart skirt and several dainty waists a number of striking toilets may be evolved at comparatively small expense. The style is also becoming to every sort of figure, and is a happy medium between absolute evening dress and the severity of the street gown.

Chiffon continues to be the favorite material used. Its delicacy of texture and soft coloring are peculiarly adapted to the effect sought after. A fetching chiffon waist seen recently had an entire yoke of pearls incrusted in gold, with perpendicular rows of the same trimming extending to the waist line. A huge ruff of the chiffon, which was pale rose in color, and fluffy sleeves completed the design.

Another new waist was of creamy white chiffon, with shoulder straps and girdle of dark green velvet. The decollete corsage had a blouse effect and was charmingly trimmed with tabs of fruit green moire antique, the wavy design being outlined with delicate pink spangles. This same trimming added beauty to the full chiffon sleeve.

The tea gown and neglige garments of every kind and condition are ever in the ascendant of fashionable dress, for there is an element of comfort and repose lurking within their graceful folds which other gowns do not possess. There are wonderful possibilities, too, between a simple breakfast jacket and a fascinating tea gown, which has such an air of elegant ease and fits so satisfactorily into a variety of places. Any material which is soft and clinging, from nun's veiling to gorgeous brocaded silk, is acceptable for this style of dress, and if you have a slim figure and a gracefully turned neck, it is well to cut your gown slightly decolette, and trim the edge with a fall of lace.

A very dainty and serviceable gown can be made of pale gray crepe de chine or crepon, with a full front of cream white silk, and dainty lace on the collar and sleeves. Pale yellow or mauve may be substituted for the white with great success. Black surah and brocaded satin make pretty gowns of this particular description, and colored crepe de chine or cream lace may be used for the front. The back, cut princess shape, may have the Watteau plait or not as you desire. Peach-colored crepon, made with a simple full waist, cut square in the neck, and a full skirt, tied in at the waist with maize-colored ribbons, and trimmed around the neck with gold passementerie, is a very pretty gown for a young lady.

Rough, coarse straws, very light, although so rough looking, are exceedingly fashionable for spring hats. In colors, the golden and fawn shades are most popular, but there are also many black chapeaux, both in these coarse straws and in chip. All are lavishly decked with flowers and ribbon bows, several colors being frequently combined in the trimming. Fancy silk ribbons and mirror velvet in petunia and pale magenta shades are much used for the bows, with flowers in every conceivable tint, violets and roses being especially popular.

Toques are even smaller than during the past season, and, says a French correspondent, "are so laden with flowers, foliage, branches, tufts and bouquets that the straw almost entirely disappears, and the woman seems crowned, a la mode antique, with a garland of flowers." The same writer also speaks largely of the number of wings employed in the new Parisian millinery. "There are transparent wings, feathered wings, gold wings, silver wings, wings paillettes, green, bronze, black, steel and electric blue wings."

After the long season of snow and ice and heavy unwashable house frocks, the sight of a few early print gowns budding on the tree of fashion is an agreeable relief.

"Winter has passed," they all seem to say; "spring is here, and summer is coming," singing this rapturous song in tones that turn fast the calendar leaves, running from cold, gray March in scarlet July in hurst trills.

There are smoky organdies, dappled in white and shiny blues; crocus yellow batistes and violet lawns; linens, muslins and ginghams, pink as azaleas or barred in peppermint stripes; plaid madras and corn pale embroidered Swiss, and, at last, as the novelty of the new season, cotton crepons, whose crinkled surfaces, colored or white, are strewn with flowers in natural tints.

Indeed, to the winter-bound soul, never were cotton stuffs more charming than now, but the very best thing about the new wash frocks, one is glad to remark, is that they were made with a stern eye toward the convenience of the laundress. A few batistes and ginghams there are, frilled and furbelowed as of old, and built on foundations that can never know an honest bath.

But the jewel wash gown of the day is the one that unfurls itself for the tub as simply as a child's puzzle, and that a few cunning tapes and tackings can shape again as easily.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Chamois Gloves.—The proper way to wash chamois gloves is not by rubbing or wringing. Put them on the hands and wash gently with a soft silk rag, dipped in soapy water. Then rinse by sponging with clear water. Put the gloves as nearly free from water as possible. If time is no object it is an excellent plan to let them dry on your hands. If this cannot be done remove them carefully and, when they are nearly dry, put them on again, in order that they may resume the shape of the hand. An enterprising manufacturer, by the way, has invented a wooden glove for the drying of washable gloves, but is a rather expensive luxury and not so satisfactory as the other process. Here is a fluid that will easily clean the gloves, and when they are exposed to the air for a short time the odor passes away: Put into a three-pint bottle one quart of benzine, one ounce of ether, one ounce of chloroform and half an ounce of wintergreen. Shake and cork tightly. To clean the gloves put them in the hands, and, wetting a piece of clean white cloth or a small sponge with the fluid, sponge the gloves quickly, rubbing quite hard in the parts most soiled. Take another clean piece of cloth and rub the gloves till they are perfectly dry. Now slowly and carefully work the gloves off the hands, and hang them in the fresh air for half an hour. All odor will have disappeared by that time.

To Stew Chickens Whole.—Take a large, plump chicken, wash thoroughly, then wipe it dry with a clean napkin, and rub pepper and salt inside and out. Take from their liquor as many nice large oysters as the chicken will hold. Examine each oyster carefully to see that no particle of shell adheres to it; drain them very dry in a colander, and fill the chicken quite plump with the oysters. Sew up and skewer it tightly. Then put it into a pail, without any water, large enough to hold it without crowding or spoiling the shape. Cover tightly. Put this pail into a large pot of boiling water, and let it boil until the chicken is tender. Remove the chicken to a hot platter, cover closely as soon as out of the pail, so that the air will not touch it, and set it into the oven with the door open to keep hot while you prepare the gravy. Turn out the gravy that has been made from the stewing into a small pan, add one tablespoonful of butter and half a tea cup of rich, thick cream, the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, chopped or mashed very fine, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, a dash of cayenne, and a tablespoonful of corn starch stirred smooth in a little cold milk. Let this boil up once thoroughly, then pour over the chicken, and serve very hot.

Baked Indian Pudding.—One pint of meal, three pints of scalded milk, one teacup of suet shredded and chopped fine, one-half pint of molasses, a little salt and six or eight apples chopped fine. Mix all together thoroughly. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven four or five hours.

Brown Bread.—One cup each of rye meal and Indian meal, one half cup of molasses one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt. Mix with cold water quite soft. Put into tin pail, cover and take two or three hours; about half an hour before it is done remove the cover in order to dry off the top.

Chicken Consomme.—Take a chicken, cut it into pieces and put it into a sauce pan with two quarts of cold water, and let it simmer gently until the scum begins to rise. Skim until every particle is removed, then add salt, a carrot, an onion and a turnip chopped and a little celery. Boil gently two hours, strain and serve.

Beefsteak Stewed Without Water.—Take three or four pounds of rump steak, cut about an inch thick. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan large enough to hold the steak, and let the butter melt without burning. Remove the fat from the steak, wash quickly in cold water and put it into the pan. As soon as it thoroughly heated through season with a saltspoonful of pepper and a teaspoonful of salt. Cover the pan close and set back where it will simmer, not boil. When perfectly tender, which will be in an hour and a half or two hours, remove the steak to a hot platter and add half a teacupful of tomato or two tablespoonfuls of walnut catsup to the gravy in the pan. Let it boil up and pour over the steak.

Fruit Candy.—Take one cocoanut and one and one-half pounds of granulated sugar. Wet the sugar with the milk of the cocoanut, put in a saucepan, let it heat slowly, then boil rapidly for five minutes; add the cocoanut grated very fine, boil for ten minutes, stirring constantly. Try it on a cold plate; if it forms a firm paste when cold take it from the fire. Pour part of it out on a large tin lined with buttered paper. To the remaining cream add one fourth of a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, one-half pound of blanched almonds, one pint of pecans, one-half cupful of chopped walnuts. Beat all well together, then pour it over the other in the tin, and when cold cut it in bars or squares.

Dressed Beef.—Boil a piece of beef until tender. Then take the meat from the bones, chop it fine, season with salt, pepper, mace, a little onion juice and a dash of red pepper. Moisten with some of the water it was boiled in. Put the chopped meat into a deep dish, put a plate on top with a light weight on it. When cold, slice crosswise, being careful not to break, and serve with a bit of scid jelly on each slice.

Spiced Rolls.—Take a piece from your bread dough and roll it one-half inch thick, brush the top with melted butter and cover thick with cinnamon and fine white sugar. Begin at one side and roll up as jelly cake. Then cut it an inch thick and lay in a pan as biscuit close together and let them rise and bake twenty minutes.

Whipped Cream for Chocolates.—Pure sweet cream, not too thick, is required, and it will whip much easier if very cold; therefore a pan of cracked ice under the bowl is recommended. Put the cream into a deep bowl, add a few drops of vanilla and whip to a fine, stiff froth with an egg-beater.

Stewed Cabbage.—Cut up a cabbage as for cold slaw. Boil in water twenty minutes. Then drain thoroughly and barely cover with rich milk. Cover close and boil till tender, which will not require many minutes. Add a palatable seasoning of butter, pepper and salt, and when ready to serve add the yolk of a beaten egg mixed with a few spoonfuls of rich cream.

A good remedy for damp, moist hands is four ounces of Cologne water and one-half ounce of tincture of belladonna. Rub the hands with this several times a day.

To whiten the hands use oatmeal instead of soap to wash the hands. This will have the effect both of softening and whitening them.

To keep paste from molding put two or three cloves in the paste pot while heated.

Before laying a carpet wash the floor with turpentine, to prevent buffalo moths.

Try a strip of wood back of the door where the knob hits the paper in opening.

Powdered pipe clay mixed with water will remove oil stains from wall paper.

Add a teaspoonful of ammonia to one teacupful of water for cleaning jewels.

For grease spots take equal parts of ether and chloroform.

A persistent washing and rinsing in milk will remove an ink stain.

It is injurious to bathe within two hours of any meal.

Strong ammonia and water will take out grease spots.

A firkin of butter weighs fifty-six pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs two hundred pounds.

WHY IT COULDN'T BE.—The girl who was not beautiful, but interesting, displayed animation.

"I would prefer," she was saying, "a quiet wedding, but it is impossible."

The maiden with a low, broad forehead, upon which the auburn curls clustered despite the humidity of the atmosphere, turned in surprise.

"Why impossible?" she asked.

"Because——"

Her look was one of calm resignation.

"—dear George is so hard of hearing, poor fellow."

It appeared to be a case of necessity.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is, unquestionably, the best preservative of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, tetter, and all scalp affections.

SAXON PEASANT WEDDINGS.—Of the games enacted at some of the Saxon peasant weddings there is one which deserves to be mentioned, affording, as it does, a curious proof of the tenacity of old pagan rights and customs transmitted by verbal tradition from one generation to another.

This is the Rossl Tanz, or dance of the horses, evidently founded on an ancient Scandinavian legend to be found in Snorri's "Edda."

In this tale the gods Thor and Loki came to a peasant's house in a carriage drawn by two goats or rams, and with the peasant and his family consumed their flesh for supper.

The bones were then ordered to be thrown in a heap on the hides of the animals; but one of the peasant's sons had in eating broken open a bone to get at the marrow within, and the next morning when the gods commanded the goats to get up, one of them limped upon the hind leg, because of the broken bone.

At first Thor was in a great rage, and threatened to destroy the whole family, but finally allowed himself to be pacified, and accepted the two sons as hostages.

In the peasant drama we have now before us the gods Thor and Loki are replaced by a colonel and a lieutenant-colonel, and instead of two goats there are two horses and one goat; also the two sons of the peasants are here designated as Wallachians.

Everything is, of course, much distorted and changed, but still all the principal features of the drama, which space forbids us here to enlarge upon, are clearly recognizable.

The killing of the goat and its subsequent resurrection, the rage of the colonel, and the transferment of the two Wallachians into his service, being all parts of the performance.

SHE TOOK THE HINT.—At home stations private soldiers' washing is usually done by the married soldiers' wives, who are expected to sew on missing buttons and do repairs, for which a small sum is deducted from the privates' pay.

Pat McGinnis had a good deal of trouble with his laundress. Sunday after Sunday had his shirt come back with the collar button off, or else hanging by a thread. He had spoken to her on the subject, and she had promised to see to it, but still the buttons were not on properly.

He got out of patience one Sunday when a missing button had made him late for parade, and exclaimed:

"Bad luck to the woman! Begorra, I'll give her a hint this time, anyhow."

He then took the lid of a tin blacking-box about three inches in diameter, drilled two holes in it with a fork, and sewed it on the shirt next to be washed.

When his washing came back, he found his laundress had taken the hint. She had made a buttonhole to fit it.

"WAS your horse well backed?" "I should say so. Why, he backed half way round the track before they could get him started at all."

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The responsibility of this company may be judged by the fact that its stock is held by nearly two thousand of the leading newspapers in the United States.

A Day Out.

BY T. B

I WAS in Hyde Park one afternoon comfortably ensconced in a shady nook, from which I could watch the stream of gayly appointed equipages constantly passing.

A man to whose outstretched hands two little children—a boy and a girl—were clinging, passed me, and, finding an occupied shelter under the trees, threw himself at full length upon the ground, and encouraged the little ones to gambol on the soft grass.

He was, judging from the bright eyes and fresh pink and white complexion, about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age. A heavy mustache covered his lip, and his hair—he had thrown off his hat—was thick and wavy.

It and the mustache were snow white, and it was speculation as to the cause of this phenomenon that so distracted my attention from the scene around me.

Barton is a newspaper writer, and knows everybody; consequently, I was not surprised when he nodded familiarly to the man who had so attracted my attention, and called out to him in his cheery way:—

"Hallos, Derry! Taking a day out?"

The man bowed in reply, and I seized Barton by the arm, pulled him down on the seat beside me, lowered my voice, and propounded this inquiry with an eagerness which betrayed my intense curiosity:—

"That man—Derry—how did his hair become white?"

"Turned in a few minutes from fright," replied Barton, coolly. "Not an uncommon thing. Derry, though, had a remarkable experience. Wait till I light my cigar and I'll tell you all about it."

It was during a great railroad squabble in France some years ago; Lionel Derry was a minor clerk in the main office of the great Wissous company, but sharp, shrewd, attentive to his duties, and well thought of by his superiors.

When the Parray company began to build a road, and attempted to cross the Seine on property belonging to the Wissous people, Derry was sent up, with others, to "hold the fort" until the matter could be settled by the courts.

The Wissous company's bridge was only a temporary affair of trestle work, but plans had been prepared for a substantial cantilever, and it would be put in place as soon as the trouble about the right of way was settled.

The engineer in charge of the bridge work was an elderly, sedate man named Pierre Lamoureux, intensely devoted to his profession and a great inventor.

Among the labor saving machines he had devised was an improved pile driver which utilized the water of the river as a motive power and could be managed by one man.

One day it was moved up close beside the bridge to do some piling, and the engineer, pointing to the beams and crosspieces above their heads, said:—

"That's the weakest part of the bridge. Ten minutes' work will displace a timber up there that will cause the whole affair to collapse the minute a train attempts to pass over. I've been afraid that some of these Parray fellows would notice the matter and do our company irreparable damage."

"You don't mean to say"—began Derry.

"Yes, I do," interrupted the engineer, with positive emphasis. "They are a bad lot, and Guiot, the head man, would sacrifice a hundred innocent lives to give his company an advantage."

Lionel Derry had no reason to like Guiot. Derry thought he was paying altogether too much attention to pretty Aimee l'Etoile who, strangely enough, was the only daughter of the chairman of the Wissous road.

Mlle. l'Etoile was staying at the big hotel with her aunt, and Derry, being known by the latter, had been introduced to the young lady. He fell in love with her on the spur of the moment.

One night when there was no moon and the stars were obscured by clouds, Derry left the hotel as usual after supper, and it was nine o'clock when he returned.

Derry halted alongside the pile driver. Presently he heard the sound of voices, and two men walked towards the machine and seated themselves on a loose piece of timber.

They were Guiot and one of his gang, and the first words they uttered caused the listener's flesh to creep with horror and a hot wave of indignation to surge through his bosom.

"You say that if that crosspiece is loosened the whole bridge will collapse the minute a train attempts to cross?" asked Guiot's companion.

"Yes," answered the Parray official; "and we can do it without fear or detection. Now's our time. The up express is due at 9 47, and if it goes down into the Seine it will knock the Wissous company's claim over completely."

But Derry sprang forward quickly and interrupted him.

"No, you don't, you villain!" he cried, and seized the man's shoulder. "I overheard your vile plan, and you don't"——

"Don't I?" was the quick retort. And wheeling suddenly the man dealt Lionel a blow full in the face that knocked him flat.

Attracted by the struggle, Guiot came forward, and bending down, peered into the young clerk's face.

"What shall I do with him?" asked the accomplice. "Pitch him into the river?"

Guiot, stepping to the pile-driver picked up a long piece of rope that had been left lying on the ground.

With this, assisted by the other rascal, he bound Derry hand and foot, and a thick wooden gag was thrust into his mouth. Then they lifted up their helpless burden and, carrying him to the end of the bridge, bound him fast to one of the rails in such a way that his chest lay directly across it.

"I forgot the goods," said Guiot, when the job was completed to his satisfaction. "The local from the other road backs across to the junction, to be made up into the south through train. As soon as it goes over loosen the beam, and the express will do the rest."

The two were talking in a low tone of voices when Lionel heard the rumble of the goods train.

On came the train, and, made frantic with desperation, the poor fellow squirmed and struggled with superhuman strength. His efforts loosened the rope, and he was able to drag himself down so that his neck instead of his head rested upon the rail.

His ankles had been tied together, and the rear truck was within a few yards of him when he kicked out frantically, and exerted all his strength to lift his head from the rail.

The train seemed almost upon him. He drew a long breath, and, concentrating all his strength into his legs, pulled vigorously. There was a whir of wheels, a sudden thud, a scream of terror, the rope about his neck parted, the heavy wheels of the goods truck just grazed his cheek and he rolled down the embankment as the train thundered past.

Struggling to his feet, he tore the gag from his mouth and shouted to a guard, who was swinging his lamp on top of one of the cars:—

"Stop! For Heaven's sake, stop! Danger!"

The guard heard the latter word, swung his lantern as a signal to the driver to stop, and sprang to the brakes. In a moment the train came to standstill and the guard leaped from it.

"What is it?" he demanded. "Why, that piledriver's running—Ah h!"

As he uttered the exclamation he staggered back, and pointed to the battered, inanimate mass of humanity upon which the great hammer was falling.

Guiot and his rascally accomplice had met with a more horrible death than they had planned for Derry. It was the lever of the piledriver upon which the rope about the latter's ankles had caught, and when he pulled to release himself the lever was thrown back and the piledriver was set in motion.

Lionel managed to stop the machine and tell of his adventure. Then he was overcome, and fell to the ground fainting.

The men carried him to the hotel, and there it was found that his hair and mustache had suddenly become white.

A brain fever followed, during which Aimee l'Etoile was the poor fellow's nurse, for her father, the manager of the Wissous road, was a passenger upon the train that Guiot had so coolly planned to send down to destruction, and gratitude over a parent's escape made the girl wondrous tender to the man who had nearly lost his life that her father's might be spared.

SIBYL: "When my book agent beau proposed to me he acted like a fish out of water." Turpie: "Why shouldn't he? He knew he was caught."

MISS KATE FIELD

Editor and writer of, Kate Field's Washington, of Washington, D. C., a paper devoted to the cause of temperance, stated in a recent speech that the prohibitionists "as enforced in the several States, were fast promoting the intemperate cause, and, for advice would be to make a moderate allowance of mild beverages." In her estimation this would help the temperance cause more than prohibition laws. Miss Kate's head is level, and as to mild drinks we recommend Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association's Beer.

NAE SAE MUCKLE.—An old Scotch servant attached to the household of the famous British logician Sir William Hamilton was as proud of his master's fame as if it had been his own, and, having picked up a few of Sir William's technical words and phrases, brought them into play on every possible occasion, without much regard for their meaning, and amazed his master's guests by talking of "the Major's promise and the minor's promise" (major and minor premiss), "Silly James" (syllogisms), and other "nice derangements of speech" that would have made the heart of Mrs. Malaprop leap for joy.

One day a gentleman who was fond of drawing out old John for the amusement of the company said to him, with an engaging air:

"I suppose, John, now that you've lived so long with such a great reasoner as Sir William, you are quite able to conduct an argument yourself?"

"Weel, I winna say sae muckle as that," replied the old Scotchman, with the modesty of true genius; "but, if I canna conduct an airgyment, I'm thinkin' I could draw an inference."

"Could you? Let us see, then. There's an Eastern proverb, you know, about the wild ass snuffing up the east wind; now what inference would you draw from that?"

For a moment old John looked nonplused; then a gleam of sly humor twinkled in the corner of his dark gray eye, and he answered, with a grim chuckle:

"A weel, the inference that I wad draw from that wad be that he might snuff a lang time before he grew fat!"

SENSITIVE.—John Jones, who is remarkable for his large ears, has had a falling out with Miss Esmeralda Smith, towards whom he had been suspected of entertaining matrimonial intentions.

Somebody asked him the other day why he and Miss Smith were not out driving as much as usual, to which he replied that he did not propose to pay trap-hire for any woman who called him a donkey.

"I can't believe that Miss Smith would call any gentleman a donkey," was the reply.

"Well, she didn't come right down and say I was a donkey; but she might just as well have said so. She hinted that much."

"What did she say?"

"We were out driving, and it looked very much like rain, and I said it was going to rain on us, as I felt a rain-drop on my ear; and what do you suppose she said?"

"I have no idea."

"Well, she said, 'that rain you felt on your ear may be two or three miles off.'"

THE great critic Saint Beuve was disgraced and left off the visiting list because at a breakfast with the Emperor and Empress at the Tuileries he carelessly opened his napkin and spread it over his knees, and cut his egg in two in the middle.

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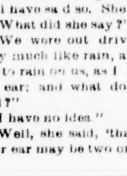
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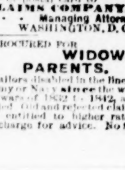
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Humorous.

There was sunshine in the heavens
And the birds had tried to sing;
There were hopeful people talking
Of the harbingers of Spring.
There was softness in the breezes;
While the poet with his ode
Was thinking of the printer—
And the very next day it snowed.

Jack: "Well, Jim, I proposed to Miss Summer last night." Jim: "Did she give you her heart?" Jack: "No; but I got a piece of her mind."

Sunday school teacher, sadly: "I'm afraid, Johnny, that I will never meet you in heaven." Johnny: "What? What have you been doing now?"

Willie, who has eaten his apple: "Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve and I'll be Adam." Mabel: "All right. Well?" Willie: "Now you tempt me to eat your apple and I'll succumb."

"I'll get even with those next-door neighbors of mine if it takes a thousand years. They have trained that miserable cur of theirs to howl every time I sing." "Why, that is the strangest thing I heard of. You don't mean to say the dog had to be trained?"

Mrs. McGlue: "Did yez have any fun at the picnic, Mike?" Mr. McGlue: "Fun, is it? Well, phwin I tell ye that ivery mimber o' the Branch that isn't in the station house is in the hospital, ye can see for yourself phwat kind of time we had."

Mamma, explaining to her little girl, aged five, that everything she does and says is written down in a large book in heaven. The latter asks: "Are all the naughty things, too?" Mamma: "Yes, dear." L. G., pensively: "Then I think I'd take a piece of indiarubber with me."

Cityman, spending the day in Lonelyville: "Didn't it ever strike you that your servant is impertinently inquisitive?" Outertown: "My dear fellow, it's only the way of a privileged old family retainer; why, would you believe it? That girl has been with us over six weeks!"

"Well," said the ex-Congressman, "I'm back to my native home once more."

"Yes," replied the constituent, "I see you are."

"I hope the members of the community will be glad to see me."

"I can assure you of that, sir. They were wishing for you back months ago."

"One thing must be admitted in favor of our sex," announced the advocate of female rights and superiority to her husband; "in the time of need we are always strong. Can you mention the name of a single woman who has lost her head in the time of danger?" "Why, there was the lovely Marie Antoinette, my dear," suggested her husband mildly.

"It is plain," said the justice, "that you stole the hog, and I shall send you up for twelve months."

"Jedge, of you kin gimme bout one hour fo' I goes I doesn't care."

"What for?"

"Well, suh, pork won't keep in dis weather, en' I wants ter go home en' salt that hog down."

Mr. Beekman Swamp: "Hullo, Jones! What's the matter?"

Jones, amateur tenor: "Oh, dreadful chronic inflammation of the larynx. Lost my voice entirely."

Mr. B. S.: "Dear me! You don't mean that?"

Jones: "Yes. Been obliged to give up singing altogether."

Mr. B. S., with alacrity: "By George! Look here, old fellow, come and dine with us to-night and spend the evening."

A ferryman, who had a great liking for whisky, entered a public-house for his usual dram. He emptied the glass into a tumbler, which he put to his lips, and then, removing it, he said to the landlord:

"Man, it's fine wi' a strawberry in 't."

"There's no strawberry in 't," said the landlord. The ferryman had been deceived by the reflection of the end of his own nose on the bottom of the tumbler.

In spite of the depressing surroundings of the prison house a deal of dry humor is found therein.

At a well known convict prison recently a convict possessing two thumbs on one hand was asked by the medical officer to have one removed, as they both appeared in the way. The prisoner looked first at the thumbs, then at the medical officer, then again at the thumbs, after which he gravely remarked—

"Sir, them two thumbs is my livin' when I ain't in prison."

"Ah, Miss Young," simpered the old professor to the pretty scholar, "you are a favorite of the gods, I think."

"Yes?" the young lady responded with a little blush.

"Yes, my dear, and—and with mortals, too," he stammered, coming a little closer.

"Yes?" she said again, oh, so innocently.

"And—and with one especially," he said insinuatingly.

"Yes?"

"And—and Miss Young, will you marry me?" he exclaimed, catching at her hand.

She let him take it, and with an arch look replied:

"No, professor, no. Whom the gods love, die young."

The lesson in philosophy went on as before.

CAUSE FOR GRATITUDE.—The man who goes to court in the Sultan's dominions may expect to be long under the capricious sway of the words "Bakaloum, bakaloum" ("We shall see about it"). The author of "Thirty Years of My Life on Three Continents" tells a story which embodies the general belief of the natives as to the mode of administering justice in the Ottoman Empire.

A merchant of Bagdad carried up to Constantinople an appeal against an adverse decision given by an inferior court. The Grand Vizier, the highest fountain of justice next to the Sultan, who is unapproachable, had recently been bullied by a foreign ambassador, and was in a very bad humor. He would not listen to the appeal, but dismissed the case summarily. He would not even examine the papers.

The merchant, as soon as this hasty decision had been given, began kissing the hem of of the Grand Vizier's robe and invoking blessings on the head of the great man.

"But," exclaimed the puzzled Grand Vizier, "why do you pour benedictions on me? I have dismissed your appeal. You have lost your case, your time and your money. Are those things to be thankful for?"

"Highness," replied the merchant, "I see that the Sultan—whom may Allah protect!—calls only to your high post men of lofty intellect. You have seen and judged my affair in two minutes' time, and condemned me. The will of Allah be done! The reason for my thanking you is that another Grand Vizier, with his 'Bakaloum, bakaloum,' might have kept me waiting for months to get the same answer, after wasting much of my time and money. Now I can return to my wife, family and business, an hence do I invoke blessings on your head." The Grand Vizier laughed and reversed his decision.

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Chatham, N. Y.

Strange indeed that

A PLAIN THING like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked". Try it in your next house-cleaning

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What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible plan is one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.